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UNDER THE PORTRAIT.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY RUTH RUSTIC

Under the portrait grim and tall,
Stands a young maiden lithe and small,
Hushing her breath for her lover's call,
In the dead of the wild midnight.
Like a dreary age drag the moments by—
On the parlor wall swings the portrait high,
Fixing on her its cold, hard eye,
Smiling as if in spite.

She flings on the picture a glance of scorn;
"Shall *I* ever be like unto that old crone,
So hideously homely and haggard and worn—
I'd sooner by far to die!"
Then the lips so locked in a stern repose
Seemed for an instant's space to unclose:
"Ha! though your cheek outblusheth the rose,
You'll be like me by and by!"

Hush! who is that taps on the casement now?
The shadow flies from the beauty's brow,
(Can it ever be ploughed by Time's rude plough,)
Can it ever lose its charms?
Stealthy she steals through her sire's halls,
Light as a snow-flake her footstep falls—
"Turn back, Lisette!" 'tis thy *mother* calls:
She bounds to her lover's arms!

They're away, they're away, with hearts on fire,
Bravely they speed through the tempest's ire,
The moon hath gone out, and the stars expire,
And the wind wails over the moor!
Now woe! for the mother who mourns her child,
And woe! for the father with anger wild,
And woe for her, the passion-beguiled,
Who flies from the homestead door.

Under the portrait grim and tall,
Standeth a woman shrunken and small—
The picture smiles from the parlor wall,
Smileth as 'twere in spite!
And it seemeth to say in that bitter leer,
"Can you tell me aught of a maiden fair,
Who tossed in my face her golden hair,
As she fled, one stormy night?"
Then the lady, blighted in her prime,
Bethought her then of her gay youth-time,
Ere the dew from her heart was scorched by Time,
Or the shining hair bleached white.

She bowed her head in her hands and wept
For the dear ones yet in her memory kept,
Who lay 'neath the kirk-yard moss and slept,
Heart-broke for their erring child.
Aye, her tears gushed down like a waterfall,
While the dead Past rose from its shroud and pall;
But the portrait hung on the parlor wall,
Looked down and grimly smiled!

Washington City, Feb., 1860.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE WATERING PLACE.

Seven years to look forward to seems an almost interminable period of time; it is long in the passing, for we count it by hours, and days, and weeks, and months, and years; but what is it in the retrospect? a little bubble, as it were, on the ocean, a speck in the span of life. Since the last chapter, seven years have gone over the heads of the actors in this history, and now the reader is invited to meet some of them again.

Seated on the sands of a fashionable watering place was a group of ladies, and a few children played round about them. Some were working, some were reading, some were enjoying, in idleness and silence, the fresh breeze that came wafting over the sea, and some were watching the sports of the children, and chatting sociably. A bevy of girls had congregated together, rather apart from the rest, but still within reach of speech and hearing. They were intent on their own pursuits, their peculiar interests; dress, flirtation; the libraries, and the fashionable promenades of the day; and the assemblies in the rooms at night.

"You may say what you will, Miss Lake," exclaimed one, "but I maintain that he is the most distinguished looking man here. Am I right or not?" she added, appealing to her companions.

The speaker was a tall, stately girl, with aquiline features, pale and classic, a daughter of General Vaughan. The Miss Lake she had replied to was plain and cynical.

"I don't care whether he's 'distinguished looking' or not," spoke up a pretty girl, Fanny Darlington. "I know he is the pleasantest man staying at Seaford. I don't like your distinguished looking men in general, they think so much of themselves, and are so unapproachable, two faults that he steers wide of. He danced with me twice last night."

"And not once with Augusta Lake, and that's why she is abusing him this morning."

A slight smile, suppressed out of good manners, appeared on the lips of several. Miss Vaughan was the only one who spoke.

"Dancing goes for nothing. A man may whirl his legs off, dancing with a woman, and yet not care for her: while he may be secretly attached to one, whom he never asks to walk through a quadrille."

"You say that, because he sits at your side in the rooms, and talks to you by the hour together, Helen Vaughan," interposed Augusta Lake, who was given to freedom of speech, "but you will be none the nearer him, for all that. I don't believe he cares two pins for any girl at Seaford."

A tale-telling flush rose to the face of Helen Vaughan. She shook back her head haughtily, as if to intimate that retort would be beneath her.

"Talking about the rooms, though, who was it he was with a good deal last night?" asked Miss Lake. "I have not seen her there before. A lovely girl."

"I'm sure I saw him with no lovely girl at the rooms last night," struck in Helen Vaughan.

"I know who Miss Lake means," cried Fanny Darlington. "She *is* lovely. She sat with a tall, majestic looking lady, quite a Juno, and he kept coming up to them. I was near, when he asked her to dance; she refused, and said her mamma wished her not, and he turned to the Juno, and demanded whether it was true—"

"A very ugly Juno in face, whatever she may be in figure," interrupted Augusta Lake.

"How you do stop me! The Juno said Yes; she thought it better that (I could not catch the name,) should not dance with him, she would have no plea for refusing others."

"Some second-rate city people, who would stick themselves up for 'quality,' and say the frequenters of the rooms are not good enough for them," remarked the General's daughter, with loftiness.

"No, they don't look like that; quite another sort of thing," exclaimed a young lady who had not yet spoken. "I think they *are* 'quality,' not would-be."

"Rubbish!" cried Miss Lake. "How do you know anything of them, Mary Miller?"

"I have the use of my eyes, and saw them as well as you, that's all. You know that child, who came on the sands yesterday morning with a maid and an old black servant?"

"Well, what of him?"

"In the afternoon I saw her—the young lady—driving about with the same child," returned Miss Miller, "therefore I infer that they are people of consequence."

"How can you infer it?" flashed Helen Vaughan, as if the remark disturbed her temper. "Every soul sojourning at Seaford is seen driving out now and then. You are turning silly, Mary Miller."

Mary Miller laughed.

"The servants and carriage were well appointed; not like the gaudy, vulgar things generally brought here, or the rickety tumble-downs, hired. The silver-plates of the harness and the panels of the carriage displayed a coronet."

"A coronet!" broke simultaneously from the lips of more than one listener.

"An earl's coronet. So, if she is an earl's daughter, as we may assume, it would be somewhat *infra dig* for her to be found footing it in rooms, liable to be waltzed about by any clerk from London, who may pay his subscription to go in—whatever you may say to the contrary, Miss Vaughan."

"It is singular I should not have observed them last night," was Miss Vaughan's remark.

"They did not stay long," said Fanny Darlington; "they came in late, and left early. He went out with them, but he came back again. He appeared to know them intimately."

"Some of his patients, no doubt," cried Miss Lake. "Medical men are always—"

"Hush, Augusta! Here he is. Don't ask who the people are."

A tall, aristocratic man—or, as Miss Vaughan had described him, a distinguished one—was approaching the group. The thoughtful look of his intelligent countenance, full of the beauty of intellect, gave him the appearance of being somewhat older than his age, which may have been near five-and-twenty. But it was neither for his fine form nor his handsome face that he was popular, popular with all classes; it was for his charm of manner. Quiet and refined, gentlemanly in bearing and in thought, he yet bore about him that ready frankness of speech, that winning courtesy to others, which is the great passport to favor, and which can never be assumed by those who possess it not.

A change came over them all; that change from apathy to interest which the presence of such a man is sure to bring. Perhaps there was not a girl, sitting there, but would have been glad to be his chosen, for, independent of his own attractions, his prospects in life were exceeding fair.

He shook hands with some, he chatted with others, he had a pleasant look and word for all, but Helen Vaughan contrived to monopolize him—as she generally did. He thought nothing of her doing so, for he was accustomed to the homage of women; he never suspected she had a motive in it, or that she was permitting herself to become attached to him.

"How is Lady Grey?"

"Thank you," he replied, "she is not well this morning. I begged her not to come on the sands until later; if at all to-day."

"How vexatious!" uttered Miss Vaughan. "Vexatious that she should be ill, and vexatious on my own account," she added, with a fascinating smile. "You see this work that I am doing, Mr. Grey."

"Very complicated work, it seems to me," was his laughing reply, as he glanced at the agile fabric of threads she held out to him.

"I cannot get on with it, do you know. I am doing it under Lady Grey's instructions, and cannot tell which part to take up next. If I thought mamma would not mind my walking alone through the streets, I would go to your house, and take them from her. Is she well enough to see friends?" continued the young lady, quickly.

"Quite well enough for that, but she does not feel sufficiently strong for exertion of the limbs," was Mr. Grey's answer.

"I think I must go to her for instructions, then! It is so tiresome to be at a standstill. Besides, I am working against time, for this is for a wedding present."

"I can tell you how to go on with it, if you choose," interrupted Augusta Lake, "without your troubling Lady Grey."

Helen Vaughan shook her head dubiously.

"But if you should tell me wrong, and I had the work to pick out again! No, I would rather trust to Lady Grey, as she has shown me all throughout. Would it be troubling her too much, Mr. Grey?" she added, appealing to him with her handsome eyes.

"On the contrary, I fancy my mother would be glad to receive you. On these monotonous mornings when she is confined to the sofa, she is often pleased at the sight of a visitor."

Helen Vaughan rose, but she did not move away, she stood where she was, and seemed to be in perplexed deliberation.

"I scarcely know what to be at; mamma has so great a dislike to our walking through the streets alone." Augusta Lake's lip curled scornfully.

"Will you accept of my escort?" asked Mr. Gray. *Could he say anything less?*

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed Helen, with a rosy flush. "Though I am extremely sorry to give you the trouble, Mr. Grey."

He had taken a step or two by her side, when he found himself pulled backwards. A little pale lad in a plain washing tunic dress and white collar, with a straw hat on, tied round with a bit of straw-colored ribbon, had run up to the group and laid hold of him. There was nothing about the child to tell his quality or condition, his attire was simple, suited to the sea-side, and might have been equally worn by one of no rank, or by the queen's son.

"Hey, Frank? Where did you spring from?"

"Mamma's there. She said I might run to you."

"Who is that child, Mr. Grey?" inquired one of the ladies.

Mr. Grey had caught the boy in his arms and perched him on his shoulder.

"Tell who you are, Frank."

Master Frank did not choose to speak; he looked shy. One hand stole round Mr. Grey's neck; the fingers of the other he inserted in his own mouth.

"The child was here yesterday with a black servant," began Miss Lake, "but—"

"It was Pompey," interrupted the boy, finding his tongue. "Put me down, please, Mr. Grey. I want to go for my spade."

"There you are, then," he returned, depositing him on his legs. "But, Frank, I am ashamed of you; not to tell your name when you are asked it."

"It's Frank," said the boy, running away over the sand.

"Who is he really, Mr. Grey?"

"Lord Oakburn."

"Lord Oakburn!" repeated one of the elder ladies from close by. "The young Earl of Oakburn, who was born when his father died?"

"The same," said Mr. Grey. "He is a somewhat delicate boy, and Lady Oakburn has brought him here for a month's sea-bathing."

"It was his mother we saw you so amiable with at the rooms last night, then!" cried Miss Lake. "And the young lady—his sister?"

"Yes."

"Are they patients of yours, Mr. Grey," asked Helen Vaughan, in a cold tone.

"Of Sir Stephen's; not of mine," he laughed.

"By the way, Mr. Gray, I thought you expected Sir Stephen down last Sunday."

"We expected him on Saturday, but he was unable to come. He will be here next Saturday, if not prevented again."

Lord Oakburn came up again, spade in hand.

"Mr. Grey, Lucy says I am to tell you we have heard from town."

"Is Lucy there?" suddenly responded Mr. Grey, turning his head. "She told me she—"

The words died away with the steps of the speaker. At some distance, tracing characters on the sands with her parasol, stood a young lady, a few yards removed from the Countess of Oakburn, who had already found a quiet seat. She looked about nineteen, an elegant girl of middle height and graceful motion, her features inexpressibly refined and beautiful, her complexion bright and delicate. Mr. Grey joined her, and they stood together conversing in an under tone; or, rather, he speaking and she listening.

Helen Vaughan watched them, watched them with a resentful spirit and jealous eyes. She waited as long as her chafed temper would let her, and then sent her sister, a tomboy of twelve, with a message.

"Mr. Grey," cried the girl, running up, "Helen says have you forgotten that she is waiting, or is it inconvenient for you to accompany her?"

He was walking with his companion then, slowly, in the direction of Helen Vaughan; she moved up and met them.

"It may be inconvenient to you, Mr. Grey."

"By no means." The two young ladies stood facing each other, scanning each other's features, waiting, as it appeared to him, for an introduction. He knew Miss Vaughan's position, as the daughter of a general officer, would justify his making it, and he did so.

"Lady Lucy Chesney: Miss Vaughan."

Two cold, civil curtseys, a few equally cold and civil words, and then Miss Vaughan turned away in the direction of the town, Frederick Grey walking by her side.

Lucy went back to Lady Oakburn, but the latter was no longer alone. One of the ladies who had formed part of the working and chattering group, hearing Mr. Grey speak of the arrival of the Countess of Oakburn, proclaimed her acquaintanceship with her and hastened away to join her. The acquaintanceship was exceedingly slight, but that she did not proclaim, arising only from the fact that they had met once or twice in town.

She had already begun to regale Lady Oakburn with the scandal of the place. Lucy sat down and listened to it.

"You know that young Mr. Grey?" she exclaimed.

"Very well indeed," replied the countess. "Sir Stephen, besides being our medical attendant, is one of my personal friends. And Lady Grey we esteem highly. Her being at Seaford caused me to fix on the place for my own sojourn."

"If young Grey gets away heart whole, I shall wonder," cried Mrs. Ducie, who was an insatiable gossip. "That handsome girl, Helen Vaughan, has made a dead set at him ever since he has been here, and he does not respond to it unwillingly. Some say he has already made her an offer, but I don't know."

"I scarcely think it likely," quietly observed Lady Oakburn.

"You would, if you saw them together. He is ever with her, evidently smitten; on the sands, in the promenade, in the rooms; there he is, making love to Helen Vaughan. Some think his profession will be a bar in the general's eyes; not it, say I; there's the baronetcy to set-off against it. It is to be hoped he will have her, for she's dying for him."

Lucy Chesney sat tracing characters on the sand, a somewhat favorite action of hers; her head was bent low. Lady Oakburn wore an incredulous smile.

"Frederick Grey has not been at Seaford a fortnight, scarcely long enough to justify a young lady's dying for him."

"But look at his attractions!" breathlessly returned Mrs. Ducie. "A fortnight's time is quite sufficient space to fall in love with such a man as he."

"I don't know that," smiled Lady Oakburn. "But falling in love is one thing, and dying is another. However it may be, I do not fancy he is likely to marry Miss Vaughan."

The reader may wonder at the change in the fortunes of Stephen Grey, but his settling in London had been the turning-point in his luck, and in the whole seven years, nearly eight, which had passed since, he had done nothing but rise. Practice had flown in to him, and he obtained a name; how valuable that is to a London physician, let them tell you; next he had been appointed to attend on royalty, and was knighted by the Queen; and now about twelve months back, his patent of baronetcy had been made out, for "Stephen Grey, and his heirs for ever." There was scarcely a medical man in the metropolis, who was so popular as Sir Stephen Grey; certainly none who had risen so rapidly. Frederick followed his father's profession, and would soon take his degree as M. D. A break had occurred in his medical studies, for when Sir Stephen found his fortunes rising, he judged it right to afford Frederick the advantages of a more liberal education, and he was despatched to keep his terms at the Oxford University. No wonder he was sought after; the heir to a baronetcy, and the inheritor of wealth, for Sir Stephen was putting by largely, added to his own attractions of person, and his high character, might well be deemed a prize for young ladies to aim at.

Mrs. Ducie said she should wonder if young Grey got away from Seaford heart-whole; but young Grey, though Mrs. Ducie might not suspect the fact, had not been heart-whole when he arrived at it. His love had long been given to Lucy Chesney. Lady Oakburn, poor for her station, and living in a retired manner in her house in Portland place for the greater portion of the year, had become very intimate with Sir Stephen and Lady Grey. The two families had continually met, and an attachment had sprung up between Frederick and Lucy. Lady Oakburn had neither detected nor suspected it until it was too late; too late for the peace of each to interfere. She said nothing, she satisfied herself by observation that her fears were correct, and then she wrote to Lady Jane Chesney. Lady Oakburn herself would have deemed Frederick Grey a sufficiently eligible match for Lucy, but she knew the prejudices of the Chesney family. She stated her discovery, her conviction that they were irrevocably attached to each other, and craved advice of Lady Jane. Lady Jane gave it; and its purport surprised the countess—to let things take their course. Lady Jane greatly admired Frederick Grey, and his position would be good, though, in point of rank and family, not a Chesney's equal; but if Lucy had learnt to love him, she would not be so cruel as to separate them. Such was the tenor of her reply, and Lady Oakburn, in the joy of her heart, for she had dreaded she knew not what thunderbolts, unwittingly suffered somewhat of it to escape to Lucy. Lucy, as she gathered the sense, hid her face to conceal its burning blush, a blush almost touching upon shame, for no word of love, no spoken intimation of his own feelings, had yet been given her by Frederick Grey.

This was just before their visit to Seaford. Medical men have their prejudices in favor of certain watering places, some patronizing this, others that. Sir Stephen Grey's pet place was Seaford; it was where he recommended all his patients. His wife, whose health was not less precarious than formerly, generally went to it once a year. Frederick, this year, was staying with her; and when the young Earl of Oakburn appeared to be languishing for change of air, Sir Stephen ordered him to Seaford—Sir Stephen having no conception that his mandate would be welcome to his son and to Lucy Chesney, for he had been oblivious as any old blind beetle to what was passing under his very nose. So Lucy Chesney was at Seaford, and Lucy heard the rumors and opinions obtaining there—that Mr. Grey was "in love" with Helen Vaughan; and as the days went on, and she looked around her, what she saw, or thought she saw, tended to confirm it. Jealousy, you know, makes the food it feeds on.

The scene seemed almost one of enchantment such as those we read of in the Arabian Nights. The hanging terraces, redolent with the perfume of the night flowers, reposed calmly in the moonlight, while the assembly rooms were thrown open, brilliant with light. Fairy forms flitted within them, and the sweetest strains of music charmed the ear; hearts were beating, pulses quickening, and care, in that one dizzy spot, seemed gone from the world.

A fete, in aid of some local charity, was being held at the assembly rooms; a few of the most influential names staying at Seaford having been solicited to patronize it. The Right Honorable the Countess of Oakburn's was the first on the list, which also contained that of Lieutenant General Vaughan, C. B.; of course, the patronizers could but attend it. The weeks had been running on, and the time of their stay at Seaford was drawing to a close.

An accident delayed the Countess's attendance until late. As her party entered the room, Lucy Chesney's eyes ranged over it, in search of—what? Exactly in search of what she saw, and of nothing less; of what her jealous heart had pictured; whirling round in the mazy waltz, his arm round her waist, his hand clasping hers, and his eyes bent upon her in admiration, or what looked like it, were Frederick Grey and Helen Vaughan. A pang, almost as of death, shot through Lucy's heart, and she turned her jealous eyes away, from excess of pain.

Helen Vaughan looked well; tall, regal, stately and fair; a fit companion to mate with Mr. Grey; but what was her beauty compared to that of Lucy Chesney?—with her retiring grace, her exquisite features, her complexion of damask purity, and her large, brilliant, but sweetly tender eyes? Both were dressed in white flowing robes, soft as a fleecy cloud, but while Miss Vaughan displayed an elaborate set of ornaments, emeralds set in gold, Lady Lucy wore nothing but pearls; a pearl necklace and pearl bracelets, pendant, by far the better taste for a young lady. Still they both looked beautiful, and the eyes of the whole room were on them; Helen Vaughan was praised in words, but a murmur of hushed admiration followed Lucy Chesney.

The waltz was over, and Mr. Grey took his partner to her mother; he then made his way to Lucy. She affected not to see him approach, and he had to touch her to obtain her notice.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Good-evening."

"Lucy, how late you are! The first dance you were engaged to me for is over."

"It is of little consequence," she spoke, in her cold resentment. "I do not feel inclined to dance to-night."

"Not to dance! You are joking. We have been talking of this evening for days past. You said you should enjoy an evening's dancing again; it would be something new."

"Did I?"

He held out his arm, for the band had struck up again—the Lancers' Quadrilles.—She turned her head away, and would not notice it.

"Come, Lucy."

"Oh, are you waiting? I told you I should not stand up."

"But why?" he exclaimed.

"I do not feel inclined. You had better get another partner before it is too late. There are plenty waiting—Miss Lake, Miss Vaughan, Miss Darlington—look at them round the room. Go and choose one."

He could not understand her; he had been pained several times by her manner lately. It never occurred to him to suppose that she could be jealous of him, for Frederick Grey was not a vain man; in his attention to others he had meant nothing; his heart was full of Lucy Chesney, but it is not in the nature of true love, ever timid, ever shrinking, to parade its signs openly in the sight of others, and latterly he had rarely seen Lucy alone.—He had been sought, unconsciously to himself, by the many young ladies forming the autumn society at Seaford; had been, it may be said, haunted by them, especially by Helen Vaughan, and half his hours were spent with them, with little seeking of his own. Not that he disliked it; Frederick Grey was no more insensible to the charms of a pretty girl than are other men; although he loved Lucy Chesney.

"Lucy, what is the matter? Why will you not dance with me? What have I done?"

"Done!" repeated Lucy, in a tone of indifferent surprise; "I told you I did not feel inclined to dance this evening."

"There must be some reason."

"You may think so, if you please."

"It looks very like caprice, Lucy."

"Caprice? Oh, yes, that is it. It is caprice."

"Once for all; will you stand up with me?" he continued, holding out again his arm.

"No, I will not. Thank you, all the same."

She spoke with a touch of scorn, and Frederick turned haughtily away. Helen Vaughan stood in his road, and he took her again. It seemed that she stood in his way very much, for he danced with her frequently. Once he took Fanny Darlington; it was growing late then.

She was a giddy romp, caring little what she said, and an adept in the amiable pastime of teasing." She commenced its exercise on Mr. Grey.

"When is the wedding to be?" cried she.

"What wedding?"

"As if you did not know! It can mean nothing less."

"I must beg you to enlighten me."

"Why your attention in a certain quarter. People say it is so very marked, that there is no mistaking it."

A tinge of red dyed Frederick Grey's naturally pale features; he thought she alluded to Lucy Chesney.

"People are busy, Miss Darlington; they always were, and always will be."

"When they have cause given them," laughed Miss Darlington. "Look at the many times you have danced with her to-night. Mrs. Ducie says she knows, for a fact, that the General has consented."

"Danced with her to-night! the General consented! I don't understand!" uttered Frederick.

"I was talking to Lady Lucy Chesney, half-an-hour ago, persuading her not to mind her headache, but to dance—so wretched, you know, to sit out all night! Mrs. Ducie came up, and just then you went by, waltzing with Helen Vaughan. She said the day was as good as fixed, and the General had given his consent; Mrs. Lake vowed it was not true, and she and Mrs. Ducie had an argument. I asked Lady Lucy what she thought, and she said it looked like it, and had for some time."

Frederick Grey never answered, and he went through the rest of the figures like one in a trance. Miss Darlington grew cross, and asked what had come over him.

Lucy Chesney stood in a corner of the terrace, shaded by the trees around from observation. She leaned over the iron rails and looked down on the gardens sloping below, so cold and still in the bright moonlight. Cold and still, too, was her own face, cold and still felt her unhappy heart, for its pulses seemed as if turned to stone. She had remained in the room, watching him with her rival, until she thought she should have died with the effort to conceal her misery, and when an opportunity occurred of slipping out unperceived, she did so. And there she stood in bitter misery, believing that he whom she so passionately loved had forgotten her for another. The sound of laughter, of merriment, came from the rooms, the rich strains of the music floated on the air, the silvery moon was riding in the heavens, and the fragrant blossoms rose at her feet; all pleasant things, but they grated harshly in that moment on Lucy's heart.

For the last few months she had been living in a dream, a blissful dream, as of Eden. She had not cared to analyze it. She only knew that the very step of Frederick Grey brought to her a rapture as if the sun had suddenly shone, that his voice was sweeter than the sweetest music, that the touch of his hand thrilled through her every vein: the sunny spring-tide of love had come to her; and she had been glad that it should never pass.

"Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.
Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all its chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, which, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

But now, since their sojourn at Seaford, it was all changed; the bliss had left her: the sweet half consciousness of being beloved had gone out, to give place to despair and the bitterest jealousy.

Why did Helen Vaughan so seek him? Why do girls thus beset attractive men, ay, and men who are not attractive? Perhaps she hoped she should gain him; perhaps she but thought to while away her idle hours. However it may have been, it brought to Lucy Chesney fruits that seemed like bitter ashes. But she had to digest them, and never, never had they been harsher or more cruel than in that moment, as she hung over the terrace in the moonlight.

Her hands were clasped together in pain, and her forehead was pressed upon the cold iron of the rails, as if its chill could soothe the throbbing fire within. A cloud of images was in her brain, all bearing the beautiful but dreaded form of Helen Vaughan, and— Some one touched her shoulder, and Lucy shivered and looked up.

It was Frederick Grey. What had he come out there for? *He* to see her in her abandonment of grief!

"Lucy!" he whispered, and the tone of his voice spoke of love, if ever tone spoke it, "Lucy, are you ill?"

She would have been glad to fling herself from him, to meet his words with scorn, but she could not; for the heart will be true to itself, and the startled agitation unnerved her. She shook like a leaf.

He gently wound his arms round her, he bent over her and poured forth his tale of love—to be suppressed no longer: he told her how passionately he had hoped to make her his; and if he had been silent, it was because he feared the time to speak had not come. Lucy, in the revulsion of feeling, burst into tears, and yielded herself up to the moment's fascination.

"Oh, Lucy, how could *you* suffer this cloud to come between us? How could *you* suspect me of faithlessness? My darling, let me speak plainly: we have loved each other, and we both know it, though it may be, that you scarcely acknowledged the fact to yourself: we are alone here, without witnesses—save One, who knows how ardently and loyally I will cherish you, under Him—why, then, seek to conceal our dearest feelings? Lucy, I say, we have loved each other."

She did not answer, but she did not lift her face from its sheltering place on his breast.

"I was not conscious until to-night, ten minutes ago, that my name had been made free with, in connection with Helen Vaughan's—and in your hearing. Lucy, I swear to you that I have not willingly given cause for it; I swear to you that I have had no love for her, or thought of love. I certainly have been brought much into contact with her, for you have estranged yourself from me, and the idle hours of this place have hung heavy on my hands; but I cast my thoughts back, and ask if it has been *my fault, and I believe I can truly say that it has not. Lucy, when I have been walking* by her side, my heart has been wishing that it was you; in conversing with her, I have longed that it was your voice which would answer me. Will you forgive me?"

Forgive him? aye. Her heart answered it, if her lips did not.

"Believe me, Lucy, I love you as few men can love: I picture to myself the future, when you shall be mine; my cherished wife, the guiding-star of my home; my whole hopes, my love, my wishes are centred in you: you will not reject me? My darling, you will not reject me!"

"Yours, always and forever," she whispered. And Frederick Grey murmured a short prayer of thankfulness, as he pressed kiss after kiss upon her sweet face, so pure in the pale moonlight.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. PEPPERFLY AND THE NEW COMERS.

The afternoon's sun was shining upon South Wennock, shining especially hard and full upon a small cottage, standing by itself, half way down Blister Lane, as it was called—a narrow road turning off from the rise. Shining more especially upon a stout lady with a black beard, who sat on a chair placed in the little path, midway between the door and the gate opening from the lane. Her dress was light, what could be seen of it for snuff, and so broad was she, taking up the width of the path and a great deal more, that she looked like a tower, planted there, to guard the approach of the cottage against assaulters.

Judith passed by,—Lady Jane Chesney's maid. The lane was a short cut to a small hamlet, about a mile off, but a cut so exceedingly rough and neglected that none ventured to choose it, save in the finest of weather. Lady Jane had some pensioners in the hamlet, whither she occasionally went; but on that day, for some reason or other, she sent Judith. Judith's eyes fell upon the lady airing herself in the sun.

"What it's you, Mother Pepperfly! Why I haven't seen you for an age. Well, you don't get thinner."

"I gets dreadful," said Mrs. Pepperfly. "They might take me about in a caryvan, and show me off to the publics as the fat woman from South Wennock. Particularly if they could invent a way of exhibiting of the legs without indecency: mine's a sight, Judith."

Mrs. Pepperfly gingerly lifted her petticoats a little, and Judith saw that the ankles were indeed a sight. "I wonder you don't take exercise."

"Me take exercise!" uttered Mrs. Pepperfly, resentfully, "what's the good of your talking to a woman, my miss, about exercise? It 's most kills me to waddle from one place to another, when I changes. It's my perfession as have brought me to it, Judith, always a sitting by a bedside, or a dandling a babby upon my knees; I haven't been able to get exercise, and, in course, now, I'm too fat to do it. But I must be thankful it's no worse, for I retains my appetite, and can eat a famous good meal every time it's set afore me."

"I should eat less," said Judith, "and leave off beer: beer's very fattening."

The tears rushed into Mrs. Pepperfly's eyes at the cruel suggestion.

"Beer's the very prop and stay of my life," uttered she. "Nobody but a barbarian would tell a poor woman as has to sit up often o' nights, tending others, to leave off her beer. I never shall leave off my beer, Judith, till it leaves off me."

Judith thought that likely, and did not contest the point.

"I suppose you are nursing somebody up here," said she. "Who lives in the cottage? The last time I came by, it wasn't let."

"I ain't a nursing nobody," returned Mrs. Pepperfly, "I'm up here on a visit. I left a lady four days ago, and I expects to be fetched to another in a day or two, and I was invited here to spend the time atween."

"Who's the cottage let to?" continued Judith, dropping her voice.

"It's a widder. She ain't at home; she took the opportunity of my being here to get in a store of things she wanted, so she's gone about it. We have got nobody to overhear us, that you should set on to whisper. I say, wasn't it a curious thing," added Mrs. Pepperfly, dropping her own voice to a whisper, in opposition to what she had just said to Judith, "she's come here, it's my firm belief, just to find out the rights and the wrongs about the death of that poor young lady."

"What young lady?"

"Why, that poor creature that the poisoned draught was gave to. She—"

"Who is she? where does she come from?" interrupted Judith, with aroused interest.

"I'll just tell ye about it," said Mrs. Pepperfly, "but if you go to ask me who she is, and what she is, and where she comes from, that, I can't tell, for I don't know any more nor the babby that has not yet got its life's breath into it. My missis as I last nursed, didn't get well over quick, so it was settled she should go over to Great Wennock and stop a week or two with her relatives there, and she's gone, and I went to take her there; it were Mrs. Tupper the butcher's wife, and the babby died at a week old, which I daresay you heered on. We went over last Tuesday morning, in the omnibus, and it's the first time I've been in the new omnibus or along the new road, which it's beautiful and smooth they both is, and gives no jolts. I took my missis on to her mother's, carrying her parcel of clothes for her, and I had a good dinner with 'em—a lovely shoulder o' mutton and inion sauce, and was helped three times to beer. After that, I goes back to the station, which it's not three minute's walk, and sits myself in the omnibus, again it started to come home; it were waiting, you see, for the London train. Well, it came in, the train, and there got in a widder, and a little boy, and some luggage, and that was all. She begun a talking to me, asking if I knowed any lady living about here o' the name of Crane. 'No, mum, says I, 'I never knowed but one lady o' that name, and that was but for two or three days, eight year and more ago, for she went out of the world promiscuous.' 'How do you mean?' says she, *a snapping of me up short, as if she'd lost her breath. 'She was ill, mum,' says I,* 'and I was the very nurse as was nursing of her, and she was a getting on, all unready, when a nasty accident fell in, which haven't been brought to light *yet*, and it put her into her *grave in St. Mark's church-yard!'* 'Was she hurt?' cries the widder, all in a heat. 'No,' says I, 'nothing o' that. The wrong med'cine was given her, and it was me myself what poured it out and put it to her dear lips, little thinking I was giving her her death, and I wish my fingers had been bit off first. The doctor had sent in a sleeping draught, mum, as he thought, and as she and me thought, and it was that I give her, but it turned out to be pison, and her poor soul went out, after swallowing of it.' 'And what was done to the doctor?' asked she. 'Not nothing,' says I. 'There was a inquest sat upon her body, but the jury and the crowner thought he had not made the mistake nor put the pison in the med'cine, which he had stood to it he hadn't from the first.' 'Then who did!' says she. 'It's more nor I can tell,' says I, 'I know I didn't.' 'She was a young lady, and lodged in Palace Street, didn't she!' the widder goes on. 'Yes, mum,' says I, 'but how do you know?' 'And was no stir made about it?' she goes on again, without answering of me. 'Plenty of stir,' says I,—'but nothing come of it, the police couldn't follow it up properly, for nobody knowed, even, what was her Christen name; and nobody has never come to enquire after her from that day to this.' Well, Judith, we talked on till we reached South Wennock, the widder and me, and she asked me if I knew a cottage to be let, and I told her of this—which it belongs, you know, to Tupper, the butcher, and them is his fields at the back, for his beastesses, and she went and took it of him, and paid three pound ten down, for the first quarter's rent, for she said she shouldn't bother him with no references. And then she asked me where she could hire a bit of furniture, and I took her to Knagg, the broker's, and she got what she wanted. 'Twas all done and ready by mid-day yesterday, Thursday, and she in it, and she invited me to come and stop with her till I goes to my new place, which happens to be Knagg's wife, and I thought it uncommon genteel and perlite of her; and so here you see me, a enjoying of myself in the country air."

"And in the sun also," said Judith. "You'll get your face browner than it is."

"'Tain't often I gets the chance of sitting in it out o' doors, so I thought I'd take advantage of it when I could, and I don't care whether I'm brown or white."

"But why do you think the widow came to find out about the young lady?"

"Look here," cried Mother Pepperfly, "I can see as far through a millstone as most folks, and I argue why should she invite me here, a stranger, (though it were perlite to do it) unless she wanted to get something out o' me. Not a blessed minute, Judy, have I been in the cottage, and I got here at two o'clock yesterday, but she has been a questioning of me about it, now it's the draught, and now it's the doctors, and now it's the nurses, and now it's the inquest, till I declare I'm a'most moithered. She wants to know where she can get a old newspaper with the history of it in, but I can't tell who keeps 'em, unless Mrs. Fitch at the Lion do. 'You won't say nothing to nobody, as I've asked you these questions about Mrs. Crane, I've a reason not,' says she to me last night. 'Mum, you may put your faith in me as I won't,' says I."

"And you have gone and told me to-day!" uttered Judith.

"But you are safe, you are, Judy, and won't repeat it, I know. You were one of us with her too. I thought to myself this morning, 'Now if I could see Judy Ford, I'd tell her this;' but I wouldn't open my lips to nobody else, and shan't, as the widder has asked me not. That other widder, Gould, I wouldn't furnish with a hint of it, if it was to save my life; she's such a magpie, 'twould be over the town afore the next hour if she got hold of it."

"Does she mean to live here all alone?" inquired Judith.

"I suppose so. She and her child."

"Has she a child with her?" exclaimed Judith.

"Didn't I tell ye there was a boy in the omnibus? Her last, she says; he's a boy of about six or seven. Come and look at him."

Mrs. Pepperfly rose and sailed indoors; Judith followed her, in surprise. Upon a rude sort of bed on the floor lay a boy asleep, a fair, quiet-looking child with light flaxen hair falling over his features. Judith looked at him, and looked again; she was struck with his likeness to somebody, but could not, for the life of her, recollect to whom.

"He has got a white swelling in his knee," cried Mother Pepperfly.

"A white swelling in his knee! Poor little fellow; that's dangerous."

"Kills youngsters nineteen times out of twenty," returned the stout lady, with professional equanimity.

"How thin and white he is!" uttered Judith, "and his forehead's drawn. Whenever you see that lined forehead in a child, you may be sure it comes from long-endured pain."

"His mother said he had never been strong. Take a wee drop short, Judy?" continued Mrs. Pepperfly insinuatingly, as she produced a small bottle from some unseen receptacle beneath her capacious petticoats.

"Not I," answered Judith, "I'd rather pour it down the garden than down my throat. And I must be off, or I don't know what time I shall get back, and my lady will say I have been gossiping."

Judith proceeded on her way, reached the hamlet and executed her commission. As she returned she saw a stranger seated in the chair Mrs. Pepperfly had occupied, but which was now drawn close to the cottage in the shade. She was a woman of fifty years, wore a black-and-white cotton gown and a widow's cap, and the child lay in her arms, asleep still. Mrs. Pepperfly had disappeared; could Judith's eyes have penetrated inside the cottage she would have seen her comfortably stretched out in an arm-chair, overcome either by the sun or the bottle, and fast as a church.

Judith scanned the hard features of the stranger, and an impulse prompted her to enter the gate and speak.

"Good afternoon: I think I have seen you before."

The stranger scanned her in turn, but did not recognize her.

"May be," she quietly replied; "I don't remembered you."

"I was the young woman who was so much with that poor lady, Mrs. Crane, during the few days she lay ill."

Intelligence, glad intelligence, flashed into the stranger's face.

"I'm glad to see you," she said, "I wonder you remembered me."

"You are Mrs. Smith, who came down and took away the baby."

"Yes, I am. But now I'd rather it wasn't spoke of, if you'd oblige me. 'Tisn't that I've any particular reason, but if it got about, I should have the whole parish up here, wanting to know what I can't tell 'em. Mrs. What's-her-name, the fat nurse, says nothing has been heard as to who the young lady was, and people would be asking me. I couldn't answer them; I don't know anything to tell, so I'd rather not be bothered."

"Where's the baby?" inquired Judith.

"Dead."

"Is it, indeed! Well, 'twas but a little mite. I thought perhaps this was it."

"This is mine," said Mrs. Smith. "And a great sufferer he is, poor thing. He has always been weakly."

"He seems to sleep well," observed Judith.

"That's because he gets no sleep at night; every afternoon he's dead asleep, so I put him down a mattress in the kitchen, or wherever I may happen to be, but he don't like to go away from me. Why, if that child had lived, he would have been getting on for nine years old. This, you may see, isn't seven."

"I can't think who he's like," remarked Judith, again looking attentively at the child; "he's the very model of somebody, some face that's familiar to me, but I can't call to mind who."

"I know nobody he's like when he's asleep," said Mrs. Smith, also regarding the boy.—"Asleep and awake, it is not the same face—not a bit; I have often noticed that; it must be the eyes and the expression that make the difference."

"Has he light eyes?" inquired Judith.

"No; dark. But now do just tell me what you can about that horrible death. Was it a mistake, or was it willful?"

"That's what people are unable to decide," said Judith.

"That old nurse is not very explicit; she speaks of one doctor and speaks of another, mixing the two up together. I want to know who really was attending her."

"Mr. Stephen Grey had been attending her—he is Sir Stephen Grey now; and Mr. Carlyon had seen her once or twice; the night of her death, and the night before it."

"Was she ill enough to have two doctors?"

"Not at all. Mr. Carlyon was to have attended her, but when she was taken ill he was out of South Wennock, so the other came for him. Mr. Carlyon was to have taken to her the next day."

"Were they both married men?"

"Mr. Grey was; had been a long while; and Mr. Carlyon married directly after. But I can't stay to talk now."

"Oh, do stay, I want you to tell me all that passed; you'll do it clearer than that woman. Step in, and take a cup of tea with us."

"You might as well ask me to stay for good," returned Judith. "My lady will wonder, as it is, what is keeping me. I'll get an hour's leave, and come up another time."

"Just one word before you go, then: I hear of Messrs. Grey and Lycett, and I hear of Mr. Carlyon: which would be the most skillful to call in, in case my child gets worse? I'm a stranger here, and don't know their characters."

"I believe they are all clever; all skillful men. I like Mr. Grey best; I'm most used to him."

"It doesn't much matter then, as far as skill goes, which I had in?"

"As far as skill goes—no," replied Judith, and she said good afternoon, and left.

She went home, pondering on the likeness she had traced in the boy's face: she could not recollect who it was he resembled. Her suspicions had been aroused that it might be the same child; but, even allowing that Mrs. Smith had deceived her in saying it was not, and Judith did not see why she should, the fact would not have helped her, since it was certainly not the deceased lady's face that the child's struck her as being like.

But all in a moment, as Judith was going in at her own gate, the thought flashed upon her whose face it was that the boy's resembled. The fact seemed to stagger her: she drew herself aside amidst the trees as she revolved it, and apparently her reflections were not of an agreeable nature, for when she at length went in-doors, it was with a perplexed look and a knitted brow. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR's subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
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Four " (and one engraving of Niagara Falls)	$5,00
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☞ Those who send clubs of *eight, thirteen,* or *twenty* names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by *Mr. Butler* in our advertising columns at *five dollars for the pair.* The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber. "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who inclosses us 25 cents to pay the cost of postage, mailing, &c. The cost of this engraving in the stores is Four Dollars! It is a gem.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

"THE QUAKER PARTISANS."

We design commencing in our next number, a Revolutionary story with the above title, by the Author of "THE SCOUT." We shall be mistaken if our readers do not pronounce it about the very best Revolutionary story that they ever read in any paper. It affords such a fine scope for illustration, that we design illustrating it by one of the best artists in the country. Look out for something to stir the blood of young and old.

THE MAJORITY PRINCIPLE.

There is great danger in a country like this, where all political questions are settled by the will of the majority, of coming to consider such settlements as inevitably just and proper. Thus, as in absolute monarchies, the sentiment is apt to prevail that the king can do no wrong, so in Democracies, it is apt to be asserted as a great truth, that the people—meaning the majority—also can do no wrong. As the courtier bends before the monarch, as if he were a god,

"That thrift may follow fawning,"

so the demagogue bends before the ruling power—the majority—in a popular government, and quotes the dangerous maxim, *Vox Populi vox Dei.* The motive—personal advancement—is the same with him who says that the king is always right, as with him who declaims that "the voice of the people is the voice of God." The Demagogue, in other words, is the Courtier of the People. And as the unscrupulous and flattering Courtier is the most dangerous enemy a king can have; so the Demagogue, with the constant praises of the wisdom and virtue of the People upon his lips, is the most dangerous enemy of popular governments.

For what are the facts of the case? Does not the whole course of history prove that the great majority of the people have been often and very flagrantly wrong? At the time of the flood, for instance, all mankind, with the exception of one family, were not only wrong—but so wrong as to be adjudged worthy of death. At the time of the Crucifixion, the great majority of the Chief Priests and Rulers cried out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" Who ordered the death of Socrates, the best and wisest man of Athens? The sovereign People—and by an immense majority. But why multiply instances—when every reader knows that history is almost a simple record of the folly and injustice of the great masses of mankind!

But we need not go to the past for our illustrations. Take the present—and see what this "*Vox Populi vox Dei*" principle would lead to. Let us call together the great multitudes of mankind, and obtain the sentiments of the majority upon the most important and most discussed questions. Let us take, for instance, the vote of the People upon the question of religion. How will they vote, in settling upon the Majority Principle, the great question of which is the best and purest of the Religions held among men? Let us give the probable vote, according to the best recent estimates:—

The vote will be a large one—say 1,300,000,000—and divided about as follows:—

The Asiatic and other Heathen Religions	800,000,000 votes.
The Christian Religion	335,000,000 "
The Mohammedan Religion	160,000,000 "

Against the Christian Religion we would find thus a majority of 625,000,000—or a vote almost of three to one. Will any Christian say in this connection, "*Vox Populi vox Dei*?"

Take a vote as to Republicanism, such as prevails in the United States, and the majority would be still greater—probably of the 1,300,000,000 of human beings, 1,250,000,000 would vote Republicanism to be a delusion and a snare.

But supposing we come still nearer home—how many Christians would admit the Majority Principle in determining upon the soundness of the various Christian Sects? Even restricting the vote to Christian nations—who would be willing to pin his faith to the majority? The Roman Catholics might, with some degree of safety, for they are supposed to be a bare majority of the Christian world, say 170,000,000 out of 335,000,000—but no portion of the 89,000,000 Protestants would be apt to do it. They would be outvoted past all peradventure.

Such facts as these require to be held up continually before the people of this Republic, in order to counteract the constant tendency to deify the majority, growing out of the political axiom we have adopted, that "the majority shall rule." It should be perpetually kept in mind, that because the majority are to have their way, it by no means follows that that way is right. It fact, it may be argued with much force, that the majority are always wrong—and that there are always a minority existing in every nation, whose views of things in general are more wise and just than those held by the majority of their fellow citizens. For we may say that the whole onward progress of society, is the strengthening of wise minorities until they become majorities, which dominate in their turn, and give place also in their turn, to still wiser minorities.—Every great onward movement of society—in science and art as well as in politics and religion, is generally at its beginning, in a solitary minority of one. That one man is wiser in certain respects than all the rest of his fellow citizens put together. His voice, in that respect, is the voice of Truth and Wisdom—while the voice of the great majority is simply the voice of Ignorance and Conceit. Therefore, while submitting to the verdict and rule of the majority, let us always bear in mind that majorities prove nothing, determine nothing, either in science, in art, in politics, in morals, or in religion.

WHO WERE THEY?

In the Hon. Mr. Berkeley's Journal of his recent trip to the Prairies, in search of buffalo, &c.—certain extracts from which Journal we design publishing as they appear—he alludes to the honors paid him in this city, in the following terms:—

Arrived at the hotel and station at about half-past nine at night, I conveyed my dogs to a safe corner on the platform at Philadelphia, and ordered George to hold them short by their chains, that Denid or Brutus might not bite some of the citizens, and render their gait, at all events, less free. I had not been arrived long before it became known who I was, and I was at once accosted by a railway official, I believe, who astounded my peacefully conceived ideas of his nation by then and there, in due form, introducing me to *seven generals, five colonels, and three majors*, all accidentally got together, not one of whom looked as if he had heard the report of an enemy's cannon, seen the glitter of a drawn sword, or had even the knowledge of how to wear one without its getting between his legs and throwing him down. As to drill, it seemed to me as if they had never in all their lives, or previous to having attained their high military rank, been told to hold their heads up or march across parade. They were all very kind and civil, however, and after having welcomed my arrival with the utmost good nature, under great apparent curiosity, they proceeded to cluster round, inspect my dogs, and ask questions of George Bromfield.

"Beg your pardon, gentlemen," I heard him say, "one or two of my dogs don't like strangers; have the goodness, gentlemen, not to come too near, nor touch them."

"Oh," exclaimed one of the bystanders, no doubt high in military rank, and with a good deal of self-important assumption, and dressed in a very smart waistcoat spangled with stars, "no dog ever bites me; I can be friends with them and make them know me at once." So saying, he stepped out, and reaching his hand towards Brutus's black head he was about to pat him, when, knocking his arm on one side, the retriever flew up and seized him fast by the smart waistcoat, the greater portion of the constellations on which no longer remained fixed, but commenced to be revolving stars, at length going out by shooting towards the earth. It seemed that all this experimentally-inclined gentleman's friends rejoiced in the scene, and in the midst of a roar of good-humored laughter he vanished, in possession of only the back of a waistcoat, amidst the crowd.

We are curious to know the names of the "seven generals, five colonels, and three majors" alluded to by Mr. Berkeley in such flattering terms. Our columns shall be freely opened to any of the number who wishes to put the list on record. The name of the bystander, "no doubt high in military rank," who has such a magnetic power over dogs that they "never bite him," would be also well worth preserving.

——We may add here, that Mr. Berkeley travelled through the country so fast, that he naturally has fallen into a few slight errors.—For instance, he terms his black servant at Altoona, Pa., a "slave"—and *therefore* "a good servant as compared to any American"—seemingly unaware that many of the blacks are free, even in the Slave States, and that there are no slaves (though many blacks) in Pennsylvania.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.—A correspondent writes, that he recently saw an old English Bible, printed in 1566, the property of J. E. Redman, Esq., of Haddonfield N. J. This Bible is among the oldest in the country, and formerly belonged to Miss Hadden, a young English lady of wealth and family, who settled that place in 1700. It was by her presented to her nephew, Mr. J. Estaugh Hopkins, in 1759; and has through him descended to the present owner. It is strongly bound in English oak, and embellished with numerous wood cuts, among others, Queen Elizabeth, in state. The reading is in many places quite curious, for instance, the 22nd verse of the 8th chapter of Jeremiah, is rendered, "Is there no *treacle* in Gilead," &c. The book is printed in old English Black letter, without division in verses; is in a good state of preservation, and to all appearances will survive centuries to come.

NOTES ON NURSING.—We recently alluded to a work on Nursing, published in England, by the celebrated Florence Nightingale. We find upon examination that these notes are of so useful and admirable a character, that their general circulation can hardly fail to do great good. We therefore design reprinting them in THE POST, for the benefit of our numerous readers.

A CONDUCTOR on one of the city railroad cars, says a Cincinnati exchange paper, has been fined $25 for compelling a man to yield his seat to a lady. The court held that no lady could claim a seat as a right.

No "lady" ever would claim an occupied seat "*as a right.*"

TEACHER WANTED.—A subscriber in Arkansas wishes to engage a lady to teach his two daughters. She must be competent to teach music, in addition to the usual branches. Apply, *by letter*, to the publishers of this paper.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

WHIMS AND WAIFS. By THOMAS HOOD. Derby & Jackson, New York. Samuel Hazard, Philadelphia.

HOLMBY HOUSE: A Tale of Old Northamptonshire. By C. J. WHYTE MELVILLE. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

POEMS. By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. A New and Enlarged Edition. In Two Volumes. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

STORIES FROM FAMOUS BALLADS. For Children. By GRACE GREENWOOD. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. February. Leonard Scott & Co., New York. W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

SINGULAR STORY.—The following recent "experience" of Prof. Agassiz is related in The Spiritual Magazine:

"Agassiz had been deeply cogitating on a fossil which had been recently discovered, having new and remarkable peculiarities. It was apparently the connecting link between vertebrate and the lower animals, as the mudfish from Africa, exhibited in the Crystal Palace, is the connecting link between fishes and reptiles; but what was mortifying and puzzling to him was, that the very part of the fossil which should have showed the most interesting part was covered with the strong deposit in which it had been embedded. While pondering the subject in bed, he fell asleep, and in a dream, he was delighted to have the whole hidden part, and all its mechanism and differences, clearly displayed before his eyes, and, besides, to see intuitively the exact place which it filled in comparative anatomy. He awoke in the morning with the subject fresh in his mind; but alas! no sooner did he try to recall it, than the whole of what he had seen vanished from his memory, and all he could remember was that he had seen it in its most satisfactory extent. The next night, again thinking deeply of it, he fell asleep, and the whole scene was again presented before his mind. He determined to try to remember it, and to make an effort to awake; but he still slept on, and in the morning had again forgotten all that he had desired to remember. He determined, if he should ever dream of it again, that he would make the strongest effort to awaken, and have paper by his bedside on which to fix the information. Accordingly, on going to bed, he placed some paper and a pencil beside him, again thinking of his wonderful fossil, when, what was his delight, during his sleep, at finding the whole, for a third time, clearly pictured before him. Now, then, to awake and transfer it to the paper! But no; he still slept on, and in the morning was distressed beyond measure to find that the whole had entirely vanished from his memory. In this disconsolate state he commenced to dress, but had not proceeded far when his eyes fell on the paper and pencil by his bedside, and, going to them, he was astonished to find upon the paper an accurate drawing of the complete fossil, with all its parts. It was, in fact, the picture of his vision, and gave him again all he had seen in his sleep. He tells this himself, and says that he cannot account for the picture being there—whether he got up and did it himself, or whether it was done by other means with which our readers who are acquainted with direct spirit writing are familiar. Having secured the drawing, the professor compared it with the fossil, and, as his curiosity was now largely excited, he ventured on endeavoring to uncover that part of it which was concealed under the stony deposit. Applying a fine chisel to the part, he was fortunate enough to remove the covering, and there was displayed before his eyes the exact counterpart of his picture, and his three dreams. If he were not a professor, we think he might, after such a fact, believe in spiritual laws and energies, and in himself."

☞ A young gentleman of our acquaintance says he thinks that young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage are too "*No*-ing by half."

☞ More than four thousand years ago, Plato said "We must not separate the physical from the intellectual and moral training, but let them draw together like horses harnessed to a coach;" and Montaigne, "It is not enough that our education does not spoil us, it should alter us for the better."

☞ There is one thing which the most unobservant person manages to see—that which we do not want him to see.

☞ To try to begin to think without any particular subject, is something like fishing without a bait; yet still, if the mind is dragged pretty quickly through the water—or, in other words, if the mind is kept actively, though indefinitely, on the range—you may, perhaps, catch a fish of a larger size, and of a better kind, than you would have baited for, by the head, or by the side, or somehow or other.

NOTES ON NURSING:

WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

BY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

The following notes are by no means intended as a rule of thought by which nurses can teach themselves to nurse, still less as a manual to teach nurses to nurse. They are meant simply to give hints for thought to women who have personal charge of the health of others. Every woman, or at least almost every woman, in England, has, at one time or another of her life, charge of the personal health of somebody, whether child or invalid,—in other words, every woman is a nurse. Every day sanitary knowledge, or the knowledge of nursing, or in other words, of how to put the constitution in such a state that it will have no disease, or that it can recover from disease, takes a higher place. It is recognized as the knowledge which every one ought to have—distinct from medical knowledge, which only a profession can have.

If, then, every woman must at some time or other of her life, become a nurse, *i. e.*, have charge of somebody's health, how immense and how valuable would be the produce of her united experience if every woman would think how to nurse.

I do not pretend to teach her how, I ask her to teach herself, and for this purpose I venture to give her some hints.

Shall we begin by taking it as a general principle—that all disease, at some period or other of its course, is more or less a reparative process, not necessarily accompanied with suffering: an effort of nature to remedy a process of poisoning or of decay, which has taken place weeks, months, sometimes years beforehand, unnoticed, termination of the disease being then, while the antecedent process was going on, determined?

If we accept this as a general principle, we shall be immediately met with anecdotes and instances to prove the contrary. Just so if we were to take, as a principle—all the climates of the earth are meant to be made habitable for man, by the efforts of man—the objection would be immediately raised,—Will the top of Mount Blanc ever be made habitable? Our answer would be, it will be many thousands of years before we have reached the bottom of Mount Blanc in making the earth healthy. Wait till we have reached the bottom before we discuss the top.

In watching diseases, both in private houses and in public hospitals, the thing which strikes the experienced observer most forcibly is this, that the symptoms or the sufferings generally considered to be inevitable and incident to the disease are very often not symptoms of the disease at all, but of something quite different—of the want of fresh air, or of light, or of warmth, or of quiet, or of cleanliness, or of punctuality and care in the administration of diet, of each or of all of these. And this quite as much in private as in hospital nursing.

The reparative process which Nature has instituted and which we call disease, has been hindered by some want of knowledge or attention, in one or in all of these things, and pain, suffering, or interruption of the whole process sets in.

If a patient is cold, if a patient is feverish, if a patient is faint, if he is sick after taking food, if he has a bed-sore, it is generally the fault not of the disease, but of the nursing.

I use the word nursing for want of a better. It has been limited to signify little more than the administration of medicines and the application of poultices. It ought to signify the proper use of fresh air, light, warmth, cleanliness, quiet, and the proper selection and administration of diet—all at the least expense of vital power to the patient.

It has been said and written scores of times, that every woman makes a good nurse. I believe, on the contrary, that the very elements of nursing are all but unknown.

By this I do not mean that the nurse is always to blame. Bad sanitary, bad architectural, and bad administrative arrangements often make it impossible to nurse. But the art of nursing ought to include such arrangements as alone make what I understand by nursing, possible.

The art of nursing, as now practised, seems to be expressly constituted to unmake what God had made disease to be, viz., a reparative process.

To recur to the first objection. If we are asked, Is such or such a disease a reparative process? Can such an illness be unaccompanied with suffering? Will any care prevent such a patient from suffering this or that?—I humbly say, I do not know. But when you have done away with all that pain and suffering, which in patients are the symptoms not of their disease, but of the absence of one or all of the above-mentioned essentials to the success of Nature's reparative processes, we shall then know what are the symptoms of and the sufferings inseparable from the disease.

Another and the commonest exclamation which will be instantly made is—Would you do nothing, then, in cholera, fever, &c.?—so deep-rooted and universal is the conviction that to give medicine is to be doing something, or rather everything; to give air, warmth, cleanliness, &c., is to do nothing. The reply is, that in these and many other similar diseases the exact value of particular remedies and modes of treatment is by no means ascertained, while there is universal experience as to the extreme importance of careful nursing in determining the issue of the disease.

The very elements of what constitutes good nursing are as little understood for the well as for the sick. The same laws of health or of nursing, for they are in reality the same, obtain among the well as among the sick. The breaking of them produces only a less violent consequence among the former than among the latter,—and this sometimes, not always.

It is constantly objected,—"But how can I obtain this medical knowledge? I am not a doctor. I must leave this to doctors."

Oh, mothers of families! You who say this, do you know that one in every seven infants in this civilized land of England perishes before it is one year old? That, in London, two in every five die before they are five years old? And, in the other great cities of England, nearly one out of two?* "The life duration of tender babies" (as some Saturn, turned analytical chemist, says) "is the most delicate test" of sanitary conditions. Is all this premature suffering and death necessary? Or did Nature intend mothers to be always accompanied by doctors? Or is it better to learn the piano-forte than to learn the laws which subserve the preservation of offspring?

Macaulay somewhere says, that it is extraordinary that, whereas the laws of the motions of the heavenly bodies, far removed as they are from us, are perfectly well understood, the laws of the human mind, which are under our observation all day and every day, are no better understood than they were two thousand years ago.

But how much more extraordinary is it that, whereas what we might call the coxcombries of education—*e. g.*, the elements of astronomy—are now taught to every school-girl, neither mothers of families of any class, nor schoolmistresses of any class, nor nurses of children, nor nurses of hospitals, are taught anything about those laws which God has assigned to the relations of our bodies with the world in which He has put them. In other words, the laws which make these bodies, into which He has put our minds, healthy or unhealthy organs of those minds, are all but unlearnt. Not but that these laws—the laws of life—are in a certain measure understood, but not even mothers think it worth their while to study them—to study how to give their children healthy existences. They call it medical or physiological knowledge, fit only for doctors.

Another objection.

We are constantly told,—"But the circumstances which govern our children's healths are beyond our control. What can we do with winds? There is the east wind. Most people can tell before they get up in the morning whether the wind is in the east."

To this one can answer with more certainty than to the former objections. Who is it who knows when the wind is in the east? Not the Highland drover, certainly, exposed to the east wind, but the young lady who is worn out with the want of exposure to fresh airs, to sun light, &c. Put the latter under as good sanitary circumstances as the former, and she, too, will not know when the wind is in the east.

I. VENTILATION AND WARMING.

The very first canon of nursing, the first and the last thing upon which a nurse's attention must be fixed, the first essential to a patient, without which all the rest you can do for him is as nothing, with which I had almost said you may leave all the rest alone, is this:—TO KEEP THE AIR HE BREATHES AS PURE AS THE EXTERNAL AIR, WITHOUT CHILLING HIM. Yet what is so little attended to? Even where it is thought of at all, the most extraordinary misconceptions reign about it. Even in admitting air into the patient's room or ward, few people ever think, where that air comes from. It may come from a corridor into which other wards are ventilated, from a hall, always unaired, always full of the fumes of gas, dinner, of various kinds of mustiness; from an underground kitchen, sink, wash-house, water-closet, or even, as I myself have had sorrowful experience, from open sewers loaded with filth; and with this the patient's room or ward is aired, as it is called—poisoned, it should rather be said. Always air from the air without, and that, too, through those windows, through which the air comes freshest. From a closed court, especially if the wind do not blow that way, air may come as stagnant as any from a hall or corridor.

Again, a thing I have often seen both in private houses and institutions. A room remains uninhabited; the fireplace is carefully fastened up with a board; the windows are never opened; probably the shutters are kept always shut; perhaps some kind of stores are kept in the room; no breath of fresh air can by possibility enter into that room, nor any ray of sun. The air is as stagnant, musty, and corrupt as it can by possibility be made. It is quite ripe to breed small-pox, scarlet-fever, diphtheria, or anything else you please.†

Yet the nursery, ward, or sick room adjoining will positively be aired (?) by having the door opened into that room. Or children will be put into that room, without previous preparation, to sleep.

A short time ago a man walked into a back-kitchen in Queen square, and cut the throat of a poor consumptive creature, sitting by the fire. The murderer did not deny the act, but simply said, "It's all right." Of course he was mad.

But in our case, the extraordinary thing is, that the victim says, "It's all right," and that we are not mad. Yet, although we "nose" the murderers, in the musty, unaired, unsunned room, the scarlet fever which is behind the door, or the fever and hospital gangrene which are stalking among the crowded beds of a hospital ward, we say, "It's all right."

With a proper supply of windows, and a proper supply of fuel in open fire-places, fresh air is comparatively easy to secure when your patient or patients are in bed. Never be afraid of open windows then. People don't catch cold in bed. This is a popular fallacy. With proper bedclothes and hot bottles, if necessary, you can always keep a patient warm in bed, and well ventilate him at the same time.

But a careless nurse, be her rank and education what it may, will stop up every cranny and keep a hot-house heat when her patient is in bed—and, if he is able to get up, leave him comparatively unprotected. The time when people take cold (and there are many ways of taking cold, besides a cold in the nose,) is when they first get up after the two-fold exhaustion of dressing and of having had the skin relaxed by many hours, perhaps days, in bed, and thereby rendered more incapable of reaction. Then the same temperature which refreshes the patient in bed may destroy the patient just risen. And common sense will point out that, while purity of air is essential, a temperature must be secured which shall not chill the patient. Otherwise the best that can be expected will be a feverish reaction.

To have the air within as pure as the air without, it is not necessary, as often appears to be thought, to make it as cold.

In the afternoon again, without care, the patient whose vital powers have then risen, often finds the room as close and oppressive as he found it cold in the morning. Yet the nurse will be terrified, if a window is opened.*

I know an intelligent humane house surgeon who makes a practice of keeping the ward windows open. The physicians and surgeons invariably close them while going their rounds; and the house surgeon very properly as invariably opens them whenever the doctors have turned their backs.

In a little book on nursing, published a short time ago, we are told that, "with proper care, it is very seldom that the windows cannot be opened for a few minutes twice in the day to admit fresh air from without." I should think not; nor twice in the hour either. It only shows how little the subject has been considered.

Of all methods of keeping patients warm the very worst certainly is to depend for heat on the breath and bodies of the sick. I have known a medical officer keep his ward windows hermetically closed. Thus exposing the sick to all the dangers of an infected atmosphere, because he was afraid that, by admitting fresh air, the temperature of the ward would be too much lowered. This is a destructive fallacy.

To attempt to keep a ward warm at the expense of making the sick repeatedly breathe their own hot, humid, putrescing atmosphere is a certain way to delay recovery or to destroy life.

Do you ever go into the bedrooms of any persons of any class, whether they contain one, two, or twenty people, whether they hold sick or well, at night, or before the windows are opened in the morning, and ever find the air anything but unwholesomely close and foul? And why should it be so? And of how much importance it is that it should not be so! During sleep, the human body, even when in health, is far more injured by the influence of foul air than when awake. Why can't you keep the air all night, then, as pure as the air without in the rooms you sleep in? But for this, you must have sufficient outlet for the impure air you make yourselves to go out; sufficient inlet for the pure air from without to come in. You must have open chimneys, open windows, or ventilators; no close curtains round your beds; no shutters or curtains to your windows, none of the contrivances by which you undermine your own health, or destroy the chances of recovery of your sick.†

A careful nurse will keep a constant watch over her sick, especially weak, protracted, and collapsed cases, to guard against the effects of the loss of vital heat by the patient himself.—In certain diseased states much less heat is produced than in health; and there is a constant tendency to the decline and ultimate extinction of the vital powers by the call made upon them to sustain the heat of the body.—Cases where this occurs should be watched with the greatest care from hour to hour, I had almost said from minute to minute. The feet and legs should be examined by the hand from time to time, and whenever a tendency to chilling is discovered, hot bottles, hot bricks, or warm flannels, with some warm drink, should be made use of until the temperature is restored. The fire should be, if necessary, replenished. Patients are frequently lost in the latter stages of disease from want of attention to such simple precautions. The nurse may be trusting to the patient's diet, or to his medicine, or to the occasional dose of stimulant which she is directed to give him, while the patient is all the while sinking from want of a little external warmth. Such cases happen at all times, even during the height of summer. This fatal chill is most apt to occur towards early morning at the period of the lowest temperature of the twenty-four hours, and at the time when the effect of the preceding day's diets is exhausted.

Generally speaking, you may expect that weak patients will suffer cold much more in the morning than in the evening. The vital powers are much lower. If they are feverish at night, with burning hands and feet, they are almost sure to be chilly and shivering in the morning. But nurses are very fond of heating the foot-warmer at night, and of neglecting it in the morning, when they are busy. I should reverse the matter.

All these things require common sense and care. Yet perhaps in no one single thing is so little common sense shown, in all ranks, as in nursing.*

The extraordinary confusion between cold and ventilation, even in the minds of well educated people, illustrates this. To make a room cold is by no means necessarily to ventilate it. Nor is it at all necessary, in order to ventilate a room, to chill it. Yet, if a nurse finds a room close, she will let out the fire, thereby making it closer, or she will open the door into a cold room, without a fire, or an open window in it, by way of improving the ventilation. The safest atmosphere of all for a patient is a good fire and an open window, excepting in extremes of temperature. (Yet no nurse can ever be made to understand this.) To ventilate a small room without draughts of course requires more care than to ventilate a large one.

Another extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul night air from within. Most people prefer the latter. An unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from is occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An *open window most nights in the year can never* hurt any one. This is not to say that light is not necessary for recovery. In great cities, night air is often the best and purest air to be had in the twenty-four hours. I could better understand in towns shutting the windows during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to making night the best time for airing the patients. One of our highest medical authorities on Consumption and Climate has told me that the air in London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night.

Always air your room, then, from the outside air, if possible. Windows are made to open; doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. I have seen a careful nurse airing her patient's room through the door, near to which were two gas-lights, (each of which consumes as much air as eleven men,) a kitchen, a corridor, the composition of the atmosphere in which consisted of gas, paint, foul air, never changed, full of effluvia, including a current of sewer air from an ill-placed sink, ascending in a continual stream by a well staircase, and discharging themselves constantly into the patient's room. The window of the said room, if opened, was all that was desirable to air it. Every room must be aired from without—every passage from without. But the fewer passages there are in a hospital the better.

If we are to preserve the air within as pure as the air without, it is needless to say that the chimney must not smoke. Almost all smoky chimneys can be cured—from the bottom, not from the top. Often it is only necessary to have an inlet for air to supply the fire, which is feeding itself, for want of this, from its own chimney. On the other hand, almost all chimneys can be made to smoke by a careless nurse, who lets the fire get low and then overwhelms it with coal; not, as we verily believe, in order to spare herself trouble, (for very rare is unkindness to the sick), but from not thinking what she is about.

In laying down the principle that the first object of the nurse must be to keep the air breathed by her patient as pure as the air without, it must not be forgotten that everything in the room which can give off effluvia, besides the patient, evaporates itself into his air. And it follows that there ought to be nothing in the room, excepting him, which can give off effluvia or moisture. Out of all damp towels, &c., which become dry in the room, the damp, of course, goes into the patient's air. Yet this "of course" seems as little thought of, as if it were an obsolete fiction. How very seldom you see a nurse who acknowledges by her practice that nothing at all ought to be aired in the patient's room, that nothing at all ought to be cooked at the patient's fire! Indeed the arrangements often make this rule impossible to observe.

If the nurse be a very careful one, she will, when the patient leaves his bed, but not his room, open the sheets wide, and throw the bed-clothes back, in order to air his bed. And she will spread the wet towels or flannels carefully out upon a horse, in order to dry them. Now either these bed-clothes and towels are not dried and aired, or they dry and air themselves into the patient's air. And whether the damp and effluvia do him most harm in his air or in his bed, I leave to you to determine, for I cannot.

Even in health people cannot repeatedly breathe air in which they live with impunity, on account of its becoming charged with unwholesome matter from the lungs and skin. In disease where everything given off from the body is highly noxious and dangerous, not only must there be plenty of ventilation to carry off the effluvia, but everything which the patient passes must be instantly removed away, as being more noxious than even the emanations from the sick.

Of the fatal effects of the effluvia from the excreta it would seem unnecessary to speak, were they not so constantly neglected. Concealing the utensils behind the valiance to the bed seems all the precaution which is thought necessary for safety in private nursing. Did you but think for one moment of the atmosphere under that bed, the saturation of the under side of the mattress with the warm evaporations, you would be startled and frightened too!

The use of any chamber utensil *without a lid** should be utterly abolished, whether among sick or well. You can easily convince yourself of the necessity of this absolute rule, by taking one with a lid, and examining the under side of that lid. It will be found always covered, whenever the utensil is not empty, by condensed offensive moisture. Where does that go, when there is no lid?

Earthenware, or if there is any wood, highly polished and varnished wood, are the only materials fit for patients' utensils. The very lid of the old abominable close-stool is enough to breed a pestilence. It becomes saturated with offensive matter, which scouring is only wanted to bring out. I prefer an earthenware lid as being always cleaner. But there are various good new-fashioned arrangements.

A slop pail should never be brought into a *sick room. It should be a rule invariable, rather more important in the private house than elsewhere*, that the utensil should be carried directly to the water-closet, emptied there, rinsed there, and brought back. There should always be water and a cock in every water closet for rinsing. But even if there is not, you must carry water there to rinse with. I have actually seen, in the private sick room, the utensils emptied into the foot-pan, and put back unrinsed under the bed. I can hardly say which is most abominable, whether to do this or to rinse the utensil in the sick room. In the best hospitals it is now a rule that no slop pail shall ever be brought into the wards, but that the utensils shall be carried direct to be emptied and rinsed at the proper place. I would it were so in the private house.

Let no one ever depend upon fumigations, "disinfectants," and the like, for purifying the air. The offensive thing, not its smell, must be removed. A celebrated medical lecturer began one day, "Fumigations, gentlemen, are of essential importance. They make such an abominable smell that they compel you to open the window." I wish all the disinfecting fluids invented made such an "abominable smell" that they forced you to admit fresh air. That would be a useful invention.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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* Upon this fact the most wonderful deductions have been strung. For a long time an announcement something like the following, has been going the round of the papers:—"More than 25,000 children die every year in London under ten years of age; therefore we want a Children's Hospital." This spring there was a prospectus issued, and divers other means taken to this effect:—"There is a great want of sanitary knowledge in women; therefore we want a Women's Hospital." Now, both the above facts are too sadly true. But what is the deduction? The causes of the enormous child mortality are perfectly well known; they are chiefly want of cleanliness, want of ventilation, want of whitewashing; in one word, defective *household* hygiene. The remedies are just as well known; and among them is certainly not the establishment of a Child's Hospital. This may be a want; just as there may be a want of hospital room for adults. But the Registrar-General would certainly never think of giving us as a cause for the high rate of child mortality in (say) Liverpool that there was not sufficient hospital room for children; nor would he urge upon us, as a remedy, to found an hospital for them.

† The common idea as to uninhabited rooms is, that they may safely be left with doors, windows, shutters, and chimney-board, all closed—hermetically sealed if possible—to keep out the dust, it is said; and that no harm will happen if the room is but opened a short hour before the inmates are put in. I have often been asked the question for uninhabited rooms. But when ought the windows to be opened? The answer is—When ought they to be shut?

* It is very desirable that the windows in a sick room should be such that the patient shall, if he can move about, be able to open and shut them easily himself. In fact, the sick room is very seldom kept aired if this is not the case—so very few people have any perception of what is a healthy atmosphere for the sick. The sick man often says, "This room where I spend 22 hours out of the 24, is fresher than the other where I spend only 2. Because here I can manage the windows myself." And it is true.

† Dr. Angus Smith's air test, if it could be made of simpler application, would be invaluable to use in every sleeping and sick room. Just as without the use of a thermometer no nurse should ever put a patient into a bath, so should no nurse or mother or superintendent be without the air test in any ward, nursery or sleeping-room. If the main function of a nurse is to maintain the air within the room as fresh as the air without, without lowering the temperature, then she should always be provided with a thermometer which indicates the temperature, with an air test which indicates the organic matter of the air. But to be used, the latter must be made as simple a little instrument as the former, and both should be self-registering. The senses of nurses and mothers become so dulled to foul air, that they are perfectly unconscious of what an atmosphere they have let their children, patients or charges, sleep in. But if the tell-tale air test were to exhibit in the morning, both to nurses and patients, and to the superior officer going round, what the atmosphere has been during the night, I question if any greater security could be afforded against a recurrence of the misdemeanor.

And oh, the crowded national school! where so many children's epidemics have their origin, what a tale its air test would tell! We should have parents saying, and saying rightly, "I will not send my child to that school, the air test stands at 'Horrid!'" And the dormitories of our great boarding schools! Scarlet fever would be no more ascribed to contagion, but to its right cause, the air test standing at "Foul."

We should hear no longer of "Mysterious Dispensations," and of "Plague and Pestilence," being "in God's hands," when, so far as we know, He has put them into our own. The little air test would both betray the cause of these "mysterious pestilences," and call upon us to remedy it.

* With private sick, I think, but certainly with hospital sick, the nurse should never be satisfied as to the freshness of their atmosphere, unless she can feel the air gently moving over her face, when still.

But it is often observed that the nurses who make the greatest outcry against open windows, are those who take the least pains to prevent dangerous draughts. The door of the patients' room or ward *must* sometimes stand open to allow of persons passing in and out, or heavy things being carried in and out. The careful nurse will keep the door shut while she shuts the windows, and then, and not before, set the door open, so that a patient may not be left sitting up in bed, perhaps in a profuse perspiration, directly in the draught between the open door and window. Neither, of course, should a patient, while being washed or in any way exposed, remain in the draught of an open window or door.

* But never, never should the possession of this indispensable lid confirm you in the abominable practice of letting the chamber utensil remain in a patient's room unemptied, except once in the 24 hours, *i. e.*, when the bed is made. Yes, impossible as it may appear, I have known the best and most attentive nurses guilty of this; aye, and have known, too, a patient afflicted with severe diarrhœa for ten days, and the nurse (a very good one) not know of it, because the chamber utensil (one with a lid) was emptied only once in 24 hours, and that by the housemaid who came in and made the patient's bed every evening. As well might you have a sewer under the room, or think that in a water-closet the plug need be pulled up but once a day. Also take care that your *lid*, as well as your utensil, be thoroughly rinsed.

If a nurse declines to do these kinds of things for her patient, "because it is not her business," I should say that nursing was not her calling. I have seen surgical "sisters," women whose hands were worth to them two or three guineas a-week, down upon their knees scouring a room or hut, because they thought it otherwise not fit for their patients to go into. I am far from wishing nurses to scour. It is a waste of power. But I do say that three women had the true nurse-calling—the good of their sick first, and second only the consideration what it was their "place" to do—and that women who wait for the housemaid to do this, or for the charwoman to do that, when their patients are suffering, have not the *making* of a nurse in them.

BELIEVE this,
No ceremony that to great ones belongs,
Nor the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. * * Alas, alas!
Why all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He, that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy; how should you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you *as you are?* Oh, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made. —*Shakspeare.*

NEWS ITEMS.

A COLLECTION of the military and political essays of Sir Henry Lawrence, the gallant, but ill-fated defender of Lucknow, has just been made. It proves that so far back as 1844, he clearly foresaw and warned the authorities of "the danger that threatened us in India from our own troops," and, in bravely repelling which in 1858, he lost his life.

MRS. GASKELL is engaged in a three volume novel, to be published early in the Spring. The scene is laid in the North of England, but the name has not transpired.

A FOOLISH paragraph is going the interminable "round" of the newspapers, to the effect that Mr. Buckle has been prosecuted for blasphemy, on account of his "History of Civilization." The story is a mythical version of that writer's attack on Mr. Justice Coleridge, already mentioned in our columns.

ON Friday last, Dr. George B. Winship, of Boston, the lecturer on physical culture, lifted, with his hands, 1 136 pounds, and is quite sanguine that within 20 days he will be able to raise with ease 1,200 pounds.

MR. STEPHEN GARDNER, who died at Hingham, Mass., recently, has left a family consisting of 13 children, 89 grand-children, and 49 great grand-children.

IN a lecture on sewage, delivered at the Farmers' Club, Mr. Alderman Mechi, referring to his Tiptreehall estate, said:—"For the last six years, my gain as landlord and tenant on my little farm of 170 acres has been nearly £700 per annum. Even this year, with wheat at 42s. per quarter, I have gained £600, after paying every expense. Of course, much of this gain has arisen from steam power, drainage, deep cultivation, and other improvements; but the liquified manure system has greatly contributed to this result."

THE Canadian Parliament was opened recently at Quebec. The Governor, in his opening speech, said the Prince of Wales is to visit Canada next summer. Canadian affairs are alluded to as in a prosperous condition.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.—Last Wednesday, in the absence of Mr. A. C. Morrison, who lives on Washington street, in the village of Bradford, Pa., a large wolf came into his yard, and commenced picking at some bones which were about fifty feet from the house. His little daughter was playing near by, and within a rod where *lupus* passed, but he only turned his head, without offering to disturb her. She ran into the house and informed her mother, who drove the beast off by throwing sticks at him.

A FORTUNATE LOTTERER.—The Toronto (C. W.) Leader, in acknowledging the receipt of papers from Mr. Charlesworth, says, "He was one hour late for the Hungarian." That hour saved his life.

THE GLOVER RESCUE CASE.—Milwaukie, Wis., March 2.—Sherman M. Booth was yesterday re arrested by the United States Marshal, in relation to the Glover rescue case. Should the Wisconsin Supreme Court issue a habeas corpus, as before, the writ will be resisted by the United States authorities, and the question will be tested as to the power of the State Courts over the United States Court.

MR. RUSH, of Champaign county, Ohio, has recovered $5,000 of Peter Dawson, for the loss of her foot. The case, in brief, is this:—Dawson sold liquor to the husband of the plaintiff, and the husband, under its influence, made an assault upon his wife, and so injured her foot that amputation was necessary; she brought suit, under "An act to provide against the evils resulting from the sale of intoxicating liquors in the State of Ohio," and the Jury rendered said verdict.

GERRIT SMITH is about to commence a suit for libel against three leading Democrats of New York city, for charges against him in connection with the John Brown affair. He has retained three lawyers, and lays his damages at $50,000 against each.

IT is stated by a London paper, that a marriage is on the tapis between the daughter of Mr. C. Dickens (Miss Kate Dickens) and Mr. Charles Collins, the brother of Mr. Wilkie Collins.

THE following table exhibits the average increase in the circumference of chest, upper-arm, and fore-arm, among the students of Harvard College, during the first three months of exercise in the gymnasium lately established in connection with that venerable seat of learning:—

	Chest.	Upper-Arm.	Fore-Arm.
Freshmen	2-0 inches.	1-11 inches.	55 inches.
Sophomores	1-9 "	1-1 "	65 "
Juniors	1-78 "	1-17 "	37 "
Seniors	1-89 "	1-21 "	47 "

To satisfy curiosity, we give here, also, the average of the absolute measurements made at the beginning of the term:—

	Chest.	Upper-Arm.	Fore-Arm.
Freshmen	33-6 inches	10-71 inches.	9-06 inches.
Sophomores	34-13 "	10-82 "	9-57 "
Juniors	34-61 "	11-07 "	9-61 "
Seniors	34-86 "	11-02 "	9-93 "

GARIBALDI AND HIS BRIDE.—The Paris correspondent of the London Star writes:

"Letters from Italy speak in the most mysterious terms of the apparently unmentionable, unaccountable, unrecountable termination to Garibaldi's marriage. It was not his young bride by whom he was accompanied on his passage through Turin to Genoa. Neither was it to Nice that he was hastening. It was his daughter Teresita with whom he hurried from Fino to Turin; it was to his own island of Santa Margherita that he was directing his steps. Curiously enough, no one, not even I, dared to be first to tell the tale that is given abroad of the circumstances which have led to this extraordinary determination—this solitary journey of the newly-married man. One party takes his version from the 'Bride of Lammermoor;' another from a tale more ancient still, in which, after long combat, the bridegroom yields to the enthusiasm of one young, fair, high-born, and wealthy as the Marchesa Raimondi, and finds betrayal of his cause, and desertion of his comrades, to be the sole condition upon which the alliance has been founded! The sudden departure of Garibaldi alone from his island is at present the only fact certain in the whole affair. In a few days we shall, no doubt, have the full details; but, at present, but two things are known to be true; all the rest is chaos. The Marchesa Raimondi is an Austrian subject, her brother lately in the Austrian service, and Garibaldi is gone.—The two facts, taken separately, mean nothing; but, placed thus in conjunction, have a deep and terrible significancy, from which Alexander Dumas, who, as I told you, is writing the General's life, will find matter for some of the most romantic pages, without the breadth of margin and shortness of line he is compelled to use when lacking material."

THE BURTON WILL CASE—THREE WIDOWS IN THE FIELD.—It is understood that the claim of Mrs. Elizabeth Burton will be strongly contested. The case now stands in this position: By his will, Mr. Burton (the actor) left $1,000 to Jane Livingston Burton; but it is stated that he never was married to her. Since then Mrs. Elizabeth Burton, of England, has appeared as a contestant, on the ground that she is the widow of the deceased. It now appears that there is another widow in Philadelphia. While Mr. Burton was in that city his wife in England went there and commenced legal proceedings against him, in the course of which a collateral question was raised as to the validity of his marriage with her (the English wife,) which was declared to be void. Subsequently the marriage with the Philadelphia lady was annulled. Thus, as it now stands, there are three apparent widows, while it would seem there are none in reality.—*N. Y. Post.*

☞ Heaven ever renders her dews to the Earth; but Earth seldom or never renders her dues to Heaven.

THE DAYS WE WORE NO CRINOLINE.

Air—"*The days when we went Gypsying.*"

Oh! the days we wore no crinoline,
A long time ago;
When we along the streets could walk
In comfort with each beau.
Ere hoops and springs, and such like things,
On ladies' forms were seen;
Ere fathers raved and husbands stormed
About the crinoline.
Ere wicked wags, with cruel jokes,
Could cause us care and woe;
In the days we wore no crinoline,
A long time ago.

Our hearts were light, we felt no fright
Through crowds to wend our way;
But now we're jammed and knocked about
Where'er we chance to stray.
With friends we then could sail in boats,
On streamlets bright and fair,
But now our dresses are so large
There is no room to spare.
And then we hear the rascals say,
"It was not always so,
In the days they wore no crinoline,
A long time ago."

We then could pass each country lane
Without a single sneer;
But now by fashion we're compelled
These horrid hoops to wear.
Then lovers came with joyous hearts
Our cavaliers to be;
To lead us up and down the town,
The things and sights to see.
But now they laugh and run away;
It was not always so—
In the days we wore no crinoline,
A long time ago.

If ever common-sense should reign
O'er fashion's changing scene,
We then may dress as once we did,
And imitate a queen.
The men, also, they must adopt
A more becoming mien;
And if they will not lead the way,
Farewell to crinoline.
Then we no more shall weep and say
It was not always so,
In the days we wore no crinoline,
A long time ago.

MARRIAGES IN LOW LIFE.

A visit paid very recently to a clergyman, whose duty lies on the eastern border-land of London, brought some of the peculiarities of marriages in English low life very forcibly before us.

The church to which our English friend is attached, has a reputation for fortunate bridals, and is consequently in favor with the people, who crowd thither, that their vows may be pledged *in an suspicious place. It requires some watchfulness on the part of the* incumbent to prevent the inhabitants of neighboring districts from stealing in and claiming his good offices illegally; for it is necessary that one or other of the bridal couple must reside for a fortnight at least in the parish where they wed. The great event is heralded by the "bans," or asking in church, for three following weeks; and it appeared to us that an hour scarcely passed at the parsonage without an application being made to that effect.—The betrothed pair generally came on this business together; but the woman was invariably speaker on the occasion; the man putting the two shillings fee into her hand, and then drawing shyly behind her, whilst she gave the names and needful particulars. Her own name is generally given glibly enough, though a little occasional indignation is manifested when asked if "she is a spinster." At the man's name there is a pause. *She does not know it,* and has to apply to him for information—sometimes because his ordinary name of "Jem" or "Tom" is alone familiar to her; too frequently, however, because their acquaintance has been too brief for her to learn it! We could scarcely credit, indeed, the thoughtless recklessness and haste with which these people rush into this solemn engagement of matrimony. We were assured that one of the ladies of the parsonage once saw two strangers accost each other in the street; five minutes afterwards, they came to "put up the bans." On being asked her lover's name, the girl replied ingenuously that she had not talked to him many minutes, and did not know! but they *liked one another.* Doubtless, the conjugal horrors which fill police reports may be traced, in a great degree, to this over-haste to wed.

These couples can never be restrained by the sage counsel of their parish priest. They are generally deaf to remonstrance or reason on the subject, and no other protection from their own wild will can he exercise than that which the merciful interposition of the three weeks' bans affords. Even *this* delay is frequently evaded. A great proportion of the population consists of merchant-seamen, who, having very little time on shore, make the most of it, and almost invariably marry by license. These men have not progressed with the times, nor to the degree of men-of-war's men, and differ probably but little from the seamen of Blake's age—clinging to many of the old Puritan beliefs in their rude way—but withal generous, brave, and chivalrous to a degree, as a story we shall shortly relate will prove. But before we leave the subject of bans, we must just repeat the following instance of simplicity and amusing ignorance:

By some accident, the lady of the parsonage had to "take a pair of bans"—that is, to enter them in the book, the clergyman and the proper official for them, the clerk, being both absent. The following dialogue ensued:

"Your name?"

The man had come alone in this instance.

"John Gradthum."

"How do you spell it?"

"Just as your ladyship likes, mum; you'll know a deal better nor I."

"Are you a bachelor?"

"No, mum."

"Oh, a widower, then?"

"No, mum."

"But, my good man, you must be either a bachelor or a widower! Have you ever been married before?"

"No, mum, never."

"Then you are a bachelor."

"*No,* mum, for I wishes to get married, and"—sheepishly—"I have walked with another young woman before."

We need scarcely say that this applicant was not a sailor, whose notions of fidelity are less stringent than his chivalrous love for women. One day, a merchant-seaman, rich in pay, and reeling under the effects of his hospitality to his friends, was robbed in this street of his watch and purse. He detected the delinquent, a woman, in the fact, and securing her, transferred her to the custody of a policeman, who took her to the station. As they proceeded thither, her tears and cries so disturbed her captor, that he would have induced the policeman to set her at liberty at once; but the man, deaf to bribes and entreaties, refused, vouchsafing the sailor, however, the information, that if he did not appear against her before the magistrate the next morning, she would be set free. This was consolatory; but Jack, dreadfully distressed at having caused pain to a woman, hovered round the police station all night, listening mournfully beneath the barred window to the cries of his prisoner within it. At last day dawned. The magistrate took his seat, and the prisoners of the night were brought before him. As no one appeared against our thieviah damsel, she was set free, and found her victim awaiting her outside with a license of marriage in his hand! He had been very early to the clerk, and fee'd him handsomely to go up to Doctors' Commons for a license, being himself unable to leave the horrible fascination of the girl's cries; and now he stood waiting to offer her, humbly, his hand and heart, "because she was a woman, and he had been the cause of her punishment," as he naively explained to the clergyman, who, apprised of the circumstances, endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, but, as usual, vainly. They were married, and next day poor Jack went to sea. Some two or three years had elapsed, when one morning the clerk was startled by the sudden appearance of this chivalrous worshipper of womankind. He looked pale and sad, and came to proffer double the sum given for his license to Barker, "*if he would only get him unmarried again!*"

But the humors of this class of the people are as various as fantastic. We can give an anecdote from the same parish exactly the reverse of the above. One day, a soldier, recently returned from the Crimea, stood before the altar with his bride; but on her name being asked, it was found to differ from that which had been entered in the bans-book. The curate, of course, demurred as to the legality of marrying them, though the bridegroom was very urgent in his entreaties, assuring him that "it was all right, and that this was the very young woman he wished to have; but the fact was, that he had asked a friend of his to put in the bans, and the man had played him a trick, and given the name of another *young woman, with whom he had formerly* 'walked,' *instead* of the present one."

The explanation was not judged satisfactory; and he was told that he must either put in the bans again, or go up to Doctors' Commons and procure a license. The former he could not do; he had to leave England for the Cape on the morrow; about the latter, he hesitated. They had meantime been brought to the parsonage by the curate for his incumbent to decide on the difficulty, and the bride, in a separate apartment, waited his decision. After some time, it was made thus: "He wouldn't be married at all! He should be obliged to go to the colonel for some money to buy a license—all the way to Chelsea! and *she* must go too; and there would be the *grog* there, and the *grog* back again; and it would cost him more than a pound. He didn't care about marrying—not he; he only wanted a wife to wash and starch his master's shirts"—he was an officer's servant—"for when they were in the Crimea, and *he* had had to do them, he had always done them wrong."

In vain the clerk reminded him of the forsaken bride's feelings, hinting at London Bridge and a probable inquest. He was obdurate; and the clergyman, with feelings of real sympathy, good-naturedly went to break the tidings of her lover's recusancy to the girl. To his surprise, she started briskly from her seat, and replied:

"Well, I'm glad he's made up his mind; and I'm quite agreeable to it. The *Balcarris* is expected every day, and I'd raythor wait for her, and marry Jack Stubbs. I likes a sailor better nor a sodger, after all." And the pair, meeting amicably in the hall, departed on their several ways.

Easter is *the* marrying season, and very grotesque and strange appearances about that time astonish the clerical eye. A solemn procession of gayly-dressed "folk" enter by the west door of the church, each bearing a long stick with a thick end, which, as they loiter up the aisle, is gravely put to the lips of the nearest person, reminding one of the Flappers in the island of Laputa. The clerk is, of course, sent to discover the meaning of this strange ceremony—unusual even in that district—and also to bid them lay aside their staves before they enter the chancel. But his speech is interrupted by the foremost person courteously putting the end of his stick to his mouth, and requesting him "to take a suck of sweets;" whereupon he discovers, to his amazement, that they are sugar-sticks, with which the wedding-guests are interchanging these singular courtesies.

The poor clerk himself is a very high-priest of Hymen, for how, indeed, without him, could the rubric be satisfied? He gives away brides by the dozen, being imaginary "father" to his thousands and tens of thousands; the pew-openers are witnesses; and all do their best to keep the register-book a record of common sense, which, undoubtedly, but for great watchfulness on their part and that of the clergyman, it scarcely could be. In these days of the schoolmaster, the number of "marks," instead of signatures, is surprising; and the density manifested about signatures themselves still more so. Frequently, the bridegroom's "best friend"—when he has one—attempts to put *his* name in the bride's place. One day, a man resolutely refused to let his wife enter her maiden name, declaring that it would be an imposition, as she was Sarah Jennings no longer! and it was long before he could be brought to understand the sense of the proceeding.

Very gay toilets occasionally make these weddings remarkable. White kid gloves being considered essential, but withal expensive purchases for one day's wear only, are hired, and literally passed from hand to hand, as the clergyman learned from one of the wearers. Remonstrating with the man on such extravagance, when even his marriage expenses were being paid by the family, he replied, naively: "We didn't buy 'em, sir; we hired 'em, and you've seen 'em a many times before." Sometimes the whole dress is hired, and the poor seamstress flaunts in the old white satin and dirty veil of the West End, or rather, of the sold-off wardrobe of some minor theatre. There is something painful, as well as ludicrous, in such an apparition.

How touching in their simple enjoyments are many of these people! Once, as my husband was signing the parish-register in this very church, the bridegroom—his honest face glowing with the exertion of achieving a signature—whispered, with confidential delight: "We're a-going to have sausages for dinner to-day, sir!"

Sometimes a laboring-man will leave his toil, and a washerwoman her soap-suds, for the brief period only of pronouncing their nuptial vows, their hands bearing the immediate traces of rude toil when pledged to each other at the altar. These are generally industrious folks, who have no time for idle amusement, and do not make a holiday even of their marriage-morning. In these cases the wooing has probably been longer, and the chances of domestic happiness are generally greater.

Certainly, if the world of the West End require and deserve the lash of a Thackeray on the subject of venal and calculating marriages, the Eastern denizens of the great city require some guidance and instruction on the reverse fault of improvident, rash, and hurried ones, and the great social see-saw is altogether pretty fairly balanced.

BABY TALK.

BY A. B. LONGSTREET.

Whence comes this gibberish which is almost invariably used by mothers and nurses to infants? Take, for example, the following, which will answer the twofold purpose of illustrating my idea, and of exhibiting one of the peculiarities of the age:

A few days ago, I called to spend an hour in the afternoon with Mr. Slang, whose wife is the mother of a child about eight months old.

While I was there, the child in the nurse's arms in an adjoining room, began to cry.

"You Rose," said Mrs. Slang, "quiet that child."

Rose walked in with it, and sang to it, but *it did not hush.*

"*You Rose, if you do not quiet that child, I* lay I make you."

"I is tried, ma'am," said Rose, "an' he wouldn't get hushed." (Child cries louder.)

"Fetch him to me, you good-for-nothing hussy. "What's the matter with him!" reaching out her arms to receive him.

"*I* dun know, ma'am."

"Mhei—nhum—nho—nha'm!" (mocking and grinning at Rose.)

As Rose delivered the child, she gave visible signs of dodging just as the child left her arms; and, that she might not be disappointed, Mrs. Slang gave her a box, in which there seemed to be no anger mixed at all, and which Rose received *as a matter of course,* without even changing countenance under it.

"Da den!" said Mrs. Slang, "come along muddy (mother.) Did nassy Yosey (Rose) pague muddy tweety chillums!" (children)—pressing the child to her bosom, and rocking it backwards and forwards tenderly. "Muddins will whippy ole nassy Yosey. Ah, you old uggy Yosey!" (knocking at Rose playfully.) "Da den; muddy did whippy bad Yosey." (Child continues crying.)

"Why, what upon earth ails the child?—Rose, you've hurt this child somehow or other!"

"No, ma'am, cla' I didn't; I was just sitt'n down dar in the rockin'-chair, 'long side o' Miss Nancy's bureau, an' wan't doin' nothin' 't all to him, jis playin' wid him, an' he jis' begin to cry heself, when nobody wa'n't doin' nothin' 't all to him, and nobody wa'n't in dar nuther 'sept jis' me and him, and I was—"

"Nhing—nhing—nhing—and I expect you hit his head against the bureau."

"Let muddy see where old bad Yosey knocky heady 'gin de bureau. Muddy will see," taking off the child's cap and finding nothing.—(Child cries on.)

"Muddy's baby was hungry. Dat was what ails muddy's darling, tweety one. Was cho hungry, an' nobody would givy little darlings any sings 't all for eaty?" (loosing her frock bosom.) No, nobody would gim the thweety ones any sings fo' eat 't all. (Offers the breast to the child, who rejects it, rolls over, kicks and screams worse than ever.)

"Hush! you little brat! I believe its nothing in the world but crossness." (Child cries to the ne plus ultra.),

"Why, surely a pin must stick in the child. Yes, was e bad pin did ticky chillums. Let muddy see where the uggy pin did ticky dear prettous creter!" (examining.) "Why, no, it isn't a pin. Why what can be the matter with the child? It must have the colic, surely. Rose, go bring me the paregoric off the mantelpiece. Yes, muddy's baby did hab e tolic.—Dat was what did ail muddy's prettous darly baby." (Pressing it to her bosom and rocking it. Child cries on.)

Rose brought the paregoric, handed it, dodged, and got her expectations realized as before.

"Now go bring me the sugar and some water."

Rose brought them, and delivered both without the customary reward; for at that instant the child, being laid perfectly still on the lap, hushed.

The paregoric was administered, and the child received it with only a whimper now and then. As soon as it received the medicine, the mother raised it up, and it began to cry.

"Bless my soul, what's the matter with the child? What have you done to him, you little hussy!" (rising, and walking towards Rose.)

"'Cla, missis, I ain't done noth'n 't all; was jis' sittin' down da by Miss Nancy's bu—"

"You lie, you slut, (hitting her a passing slap,) I know you've hurt him. Hush, my baby, (singing the Coquette,) don't you cry; your sweetheart will come by'm by; da de dum dum day, da de dum diddle dum dum day." (Child cries on.)

"Bless my soul and body, what can be the matter with my baby! (tears coming in her own eyes.) Something's the matter with it, I know it is," (laying the child on her lap and feeling its arms to see whether it flinched at the touch of any particular part; but the child cried less while she was feeling it than before.)

"Yes, dat was it; wanted litty arms yubbed. Muddy will yub its sweet little arms." (Child begins again.)

"What upon earth can make my baby cry so?" rising, and walking to the window. (Stops at the window, and the child hushes.)

"Yes, dat was it; did want to look out 'o windyes. See the petty chickens. O-o-o-h! look at the beauty rooster! Yonder's old Aunty Betty! See old Aunt Betty, pickin' up chips for bake bickery (biscuit) for good chillums. Good Aunt Betty, for make bicky for sweet baby's supper." (Child begins again.)

"Hoo-o-o! see de windy!" (Knocking on the window. Child screams.)

"You Rose, what have you done to this child? You little hussy, you, if you don't tell me how you hurt him, I'll whip you as long as I can find you."

"Missis, I 'cla' I never done noth'n 't all to him. I was jis' sett'n down dar by Miss Nancy's bu—"

"If you say 'Miss Nancy's bureau' to me again, I'll stuff Miss Nancy's bureau down your throat, you little lying slut. I'm just as sure you've hurt him as if I'd seen you. How did you hurt him?"

Here Rose was reduced to a *non plus;* for, upon the peril of having a bureau stuffed down her throat, she dare not repeat the oft told tale, and she knew no other. She therefore stood mute.

"Julia," said Mr. Slang, "bring the child to me, and let me see if I can discover the cause of his crying."

Mr. Slang took the child, and commenced a careful examination of it. He removed its cap, and beginning at the crown of its head, he extended the search slowly and cautiously downward, accompanying the eye with the touch of the finger. He had not proceeded far in this way, before he discovered in the right ear of the child a small feather, the cause, of course, of all its wailing. The cause removed, the child soon changed its tears to smiles, greatly to the delight of all, and to none more than to Rose.

PHALANTUS.

From Sparta where Phalantus roved,
Doom'd, by a god's decree,
In stranger-lands, with those he loved,
A wanderer to be—

A hopeless, wretched, wandering man,
Until he should espy
(So great Apollo's edict ran)
Rain from a cloudless sky—

Depress'd by long and anxious thought,
And tedious, vague alarms,
The presence of his wife he sought,
And slumbered in her arms.

With joy to think of this relief,
She watch'd him as he slept;
Till recollection of his grief
Came o'er her; and she wept.

Then, 'mid her smiles, her tears, and sighs,
The Spartan exile woke;
Look'd upward in the azure eyes,
And thus in rapture spoke—

"Here, here, my Æthra, will I rest,
No farther bid to roam;
The sunny shower falls on thy breast,
And marks it for my home."

NOTE.—*Æthra* signifies, literally, a clear sky. The legend goes on to say that Phalantus, recognizing the omen set forth in this little poem, built the city of Tarentum on the spot where his wanderings ceased.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

From a work just published by the Harpers, "The Life and Times of Gen. Sam Dale," edited by Hon. Mr. Claiborne, of Miss., we take the following:—

There is not, in any country, a more refined and intellectual body of men than the government clerks of Washington—hospitable, obliging, honest, and laborious. But Congress, by a miserable and short sighted economy, directed the wrong way, under the *ad captandum* and contemptible cry of retrenchment, has reduced this talented and useful body of men to the lowest point at which men can live in the metropolis.

Let no man, particularly no married man, seek a clerkship in Washington. It is a hard and thankless service, an obscure and toilsome berth; poor you are sure to die, and the moment you are installed into office you may write over your walls the despairing words of Dante, "He who enters here leaves all hope behind." In very wretchedness, the poor clerk, disappointed in his hope of promotion, often becomes reckless. Unappreciated talent is a bitter reflection. He loses heart, and works like a machine; his early dreams are not realized, and the waters of bitterness overflow his soul. He is too proud to be toady of some swollen superior, to hang on the skirts of an intriguing politician; or, more revolting still, to play the spy and informer to the party in power. He will not stoop to tricks that dam up forever the fountains of honor, and bring promotion and infamy hand in hand. If he scorn to do this, as most clerks do scorn it, and feels the dignity of an honest man, as Pope and Burns felt it in the noblest creations of their intellect, he is doomed to a long life of profitless service, or to an early and unhonored tomb! No flowers bloom upon his path, and, should the woman he has loved plant one upon his grave, the very pittance she thus pionsly employs must deprive her little orphans of a meal!

And this is a clerkship at Washington, so much sought for, so much envied by those who do not know its melancholy details. Better, much better go into the wilderness, bivouac on some distant lake, nestle in some mountain glen or on the flower-scented prairie, and hew out a living from wood and earth, than seek a bauble that glitters only to disappoint.

Better salaries—not rotation, but promotion—and immunity against political proscription for clerks that abstain from party intrigues and faithfully perform their official duties, are reforms sadly needed.

When a poor, unfriended official dies at Washington, the only resource of his widow is—a boarding-house. And what is the history of those establishments in the metropolis? A hard struggle for credit to begin with, a little run of patronage, a falling off, bills, duns, constables, distraints, sacrifices, ruin, broken health, and slander—for that viper seldom fails to strike its fangs into the fame of an unfortunate widow at the head of a boarding-house. If she be beautiful, it is a fatal dowry. If she have a daughter, pure as the shrined Madonna, still the foul breath of envy is on her fame, and it withers before the innocent maiden dreams that even a light word has been whispered.

Sometimes, indeed, through distress and deception, they fall. While I was in Washington, circumstances brought a sad example to my notice. She lives yet, and, if her eye falls on these lines, she will recognize the hand that was once raised to avenge her dishonor, but was stayed by her overwhelming tenderness for the destroyer of her fame. Her walk now is dreary and desolate. Kindred and friends are gone; fled forever the bright brow of innocence and youth; and yet in her destitution, lost and guilty as she was, she is less criminal than some that judge her. "Go, and sin no more." I cannot think of her without wishing that her pilgrimage may close, invoking on the false one the curse of Heaven; and yet her last prayer will be for her betrayer! Such is woman! Such the sublime and enduring character of her affections—the generous and unselfish nature of her heart!

I observed at Washington what surprised me much, that married men were in more demand as gallants than single gentlemen. Petticoat influence seemed to me to be predominant, and grave Senators were managed and controlled by a pleasant flirtation. This is, perhaps, as it should be. The kingdoms of the Old World have never been so well governed as when under the administration of women; and if we could everywhere turn out our lazy office-holders, and substitute their pretty wives and daughters, probably business would go on better.

One thing did not please me at Washington. *Some of the ladies seemed to prefer the arm of* any member of Congress, no matter how ugly or repulsive, to the attentions of the handsome clerks and citizens of the city. How great an error! The latter would offer them the homage of love and respect. The former too often gazes with the eye of unlawful passion, and weaves his deceitful web until all is lost. But, to gratify an idle vanity, the young and innocent are thrown into the path of the spoiler from abroad, who commands wealth, or rank, or influence, while the citizens of the metropolis are scorned—until Congress finally adjourns! and then they are allowed to hover, like summer butterflies, in the perfume of beauty, until Congress again assembles, when they are discarded for the gay deceiver, the practised libertine, the gouty, feeble, superannuated gallants, so numerous during the winter campaigns.

There are many sharp things in Washington, but the very sharpest is the tooth of slander. During my residence there a reputation was butchered every twenty-four hours. There seemed to be an organized set about Brown's and Gadsby's—a sort of fraternity, half loafer, half gentleman, wearing heavy beards, gold chains, and rattans—who did nothing but hunt up victims from day to day. Scarce a woman, particularly if pretty, was allowed to pass without an ill-natured remark. If gallanted by a member of Congress, and especially a Southerner, there was no mercy for her. *On dits* passed from hotel to hotel, from boarding-house to boarding-house, exaggerated as they circled round, until the crude suspicion, the unfeeling jest, became a received reality. Those men were confirmed *roues* themselves; worn-out debauchees, subsisting on stimulants; discharged office-holders, bitter against all the world; or greedy office-seekers, chagrined by delay; and they avenged themselves by this war on female reputation.

At a wine party given to me at Brown's, a rather distinguished gentleman addressed himself pointedly to me, spoke lightly of the virtue of the sex, and very plainly hinted at his successes. I had never heard such language where I came from, even among the Indians. It offended me. "Sir," said I, "no man with a true heart sneers at woman. No gentleman ever boasts of his gallantries. He who does, violates confidence, and cannot, therefore, claim to be believed. There are no women in the world superior, if equal, to the women of our country. A young girl *may* be led off the path of innocence by fraud; a woman may sell herself for bread; but in either case she is to be pitied, not ridiculed. He who exposes her is doubly guilty, and should be damned! Love, beauty, passion may be plead for error, but nothing can excuse the villain who boasts of his success and points out his victim." With these words I dashed my wine in his face and left the table. He was a reputed fire eater, and, of course, "pistols and coffee for two" were expected, but I heard nothing more of it. Our Senator, Col. William R. King, who was at the table, said that the whole company justified my proceeding. The gentleman himself tried to laugh it off by saying that I was "tight;" but he never appeared again in my presence.

The ladies of Washington struck me, who had so long been accustomed to the sun-burned maidens of the woods, as very fair and beautiful, very fascinating and refined. In one thing they differ from our Indian women; they look one full in the face, and it is difficult to withstand their glances. An Indian maid, when a warrior approaches, bends her head like a drooping leaf. It is only in the deepest recesses, when no others are near, that her lover sees the whole lustre of her eyes, or even the blushes that mantle on her cheek. They love intensely, and make the most faithful of wives and the tenderest of mothers.

WATCH THY FATHER.—The Quakers are, in the main, as every one knows, a thrifty, kind-hearted, and undoubtedly honest people; but in some of them, even as among the "world's honest people," love of filthy lucre will predominate. In one of their farming communities lived Friend Benjamin and his son. It was their custom to buy up cattle to fatten for sale. One day, Benjamin, junior, had selected a choice portion of stock from a passing drover, and was about to buy, when Benjamin, senior, came along.

"Father, I am about to buy these cattle; what dost thee think of them?"

"What does he ask? So much? I guess thee'll get them for less; offer him 6—, and wait till morning if he don't trade."

Filial Ben assented—made an offer in vain—went home with the old gentleman, slept—and next morning, after caring for the stock, mounted his horse to try again to buy the cattle. But on the way he met Benjamin, senior, returning homeward with the whole herd in question. Benjamin, senior, was wealthy as well as smart—he had taken an early start, and bought the lot.

"Thee will let me have my 'portion,' will thee not?" asked filial Ben.

"No, sonny, of course not; I've bought the whole—want 'em all."

"What! Isn't that a hard trick to play thy own son? and I trusted to thee!"

"Ah, Benny," said pater familias, reprovingly, "thee must be sharp and wide-awake; trust nobody, Benjamin; watch everybody; watch thy father, Benjamin—watch thy father!"

Quite likely for young Benjamin the admonition was needless thenceforward.

INCREDIBLE LIARS.—The French papers in the autumn of 1821 mention that a man named Desjardins was tried, on his own confession, as an accomplice with Louvel, the assassin of the Duke de Berri. But, on his defence, Desjardins contended that his confession ought not to be believed, because he was so notorious for falsehood, that nobody in the world would give credit to a word he said. In support of this, he produced a host of witnesses, his friends and relatives, who all swore that the excessive bad character he had given of himself was true, and he was declared "Not guilty." This case parallels with a similar instance some years before in Ireland. A man was charged with highway robbery. In the course of the trial the prisoner roared out from the dock, that he was guilty; but the jury pronounced him "Not guilty." The astonished judge exclaimed, "Good heavens, gentlemen, did you not hear the man himself declare that he was guilty?" The foreman said—"We *did,* my lord, and that was the reason we acquitted him, for we know the fellow to be such a notorious liar, that he never spoke a word of truth in his life, therefore we could not believe him on his oath."

CLASSICS OVERRATED.—For purposes that will appear obvious, I have sometimes conversed with good classical scholars, who, to my own knowledge, read in the original and much admired, Cicero, Quintilian, and Longinus. After eliciting the most elaborate praise of those authors, for their profound judgment in treating the art of writing, I have requested to know what were the most striking or useful parts of the works which so much excited their admiration, but I could never extract anything worth remembering. I then compelled them to admit that, as far as respected assistance in style, they had gained no advantage, nor found any rule upon which they could decisively act—that their heads, not their minds, were filled with what they thought was something material, but which the test of remembrance proved to be no more solid than salt or sugar that melts away in plain water. Some of those scholars wrote in a very labored, ungraceful, and even long-winded style—the only benefit that they derived from their learning was, they avoided grammatical errors, but for this they were not indebted either to Cicero or Quintillian.—*Justin Brenan.*

WINGLESS BIRDS.—The loggerheaded duck of South America can only flap along the surface of the water, and has its wings in nearly the same condition as the domestic Aylesbury duck. As the larger ground-feeding birds seldom take flight except to escape danger, I believe that the nearly wingless condition of several birds which now inhabit, or have lately inhabited, several oceanic islands, tenanted by no beasts of prey, have been caused by disuse. The ostrich, indeed, inhabits continents, and is exposed to danger from which it could not escape by flight, but by kicking it can defend itself from enemies, as well as any of the smaller quadrupeds. We may imagine that the early progenitor of the ostrich had habits like those of a bustard, and that as natural selection increased in successive generations the size and weight of its body, its legs were used more and its wings less, until they became incapable of flight.—*Darwin's Origin of Species.*

FRIENDSHIP IN FISH.—I once had occasion to observe the strength of friendship which can exist even between fish. I was accustomed to keep some golden fish in a large glass globe. I do not think that I should do so now; for whatever care I might take of them, still it was a state of imprisonment to which I was dooming them. It so happened that, from some cause, the nature of which I do not now recollect, my stock was diminished to two. I gave away one of them. The other, from that moment, refused to eat; he lay motionless at the bottom of the water, and, as I thought, was evidently pining away. It struck me that he was mourning the loss of his companion. I shall never forget the evident joy and strange antics to which he abandoned himself when his companion was restored to him.—*Morris.*

FACES IN THE FIRE.

I watch the drowsy night expire,
And Fancy paints at my desire,
Her magic pictures in the fire.

An island-farm 'mid seas of corn,
Swayed by the wandering breath of morn,
The happy spot where I was born.

The picture fadeth in its place;
Amid the glow I seem to trace
The shifting semblance of a face.

'Tis now a little childish form,
Red lips for kisses pouted warm,
And elf-locks tangled in the storm.

'Tis now a grave and gentle maid,
At her own beauty half afraid,
Shrinking, yet willing to be stayed.

'Tis now a matron with her boys,
Dear centre of domestic joys:
I seem to hear the merry noise.

Oh, time was young, and life was warm,
When first I saw that fairy form,
Her dark hair tossing in the storm;

And fast and free these pulses played,
When last I met that gentle maid—
When last her hand in mine was laid.

Those locks of jet are turned to grey,
And she is strange and far away,
That might have been mine own to-day—

That might have been mine own, my dear,
Through many and many a happy year,
That might have sat beside me here.

Ay, changeless through the changing scene,
The ghostly whisperings between
The dark refrain of "might have been."

The race is o'er I might have run,
The deeds are past I might have done,
And sere the wreath I might have won.

Sunk is the last faint flickering blaze;
The vision of departed days
Is vanished even as I gaze.

The pictures with their ruddy light
Are changed to dust and ashes white,
And I am left alone with night.

BLIFKINS THE HOUSEHOLDER.

"Mr. Blifkins," says my wife on the morning of washing day, "Bridget complains that something is the matter with the soft water pump."

"Well, my dear," I replied,—I am very careful to put in all the little tender expletives on washing days, having found them serve admirably as mollifiers at such times—"I will see about it."

I had not quite finished reading my morning paper, and sat a moment to conclude the account of the last fearful casualty, when Bridget's face was thrust into the door, as red and bright as an old fashioned brass warming pan.

"Indade, mem," said she, "the pump's gone agin."

"I wish you was," arose to my lips, but I didn't speak it.

"Well," replied my wife, "I've done all I can about it, unless *I* am expected to draw the box and fix it. I expect every day when I shall have to do such work. A woman's life is hard enough at the best, but a little additional service would not hurt her I dare say. Perhaps in the intervals of household duties she might take in jobs of pump mending."

I said nothing.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "will you see to the pump?"

This was said in a tone that completely overcame the horror awakened by the casualty, and throwing the paper aside I proceeded to the kitchen. I tried the handle of the pump, and sure enough, the water refused to flow. A few drops only oozed from the nose, and as I plied the handle the pump gave forth a rumbling sound as though it was surly in its refusal to yield the accustomed supply.

"This is a pretty state of things for washing day," said my wife.

"Well, my dear," said I, "I don't see how you can blame me for it; 'thou can'st not say I did it.'"

I immediately essayed to take out the box. The screws that secured the top were rusty and refused to turn.

"Mrs. Blifkins," said I, "where is the hammer?"

"How should I know where the hammer is?" she replied, "it is probably where you used it last; you leave everything for me to take care of. My father used to say 'a place for everything and everything in its place.' I wish *all* men were as particular."

I remembered that I had used the hammer to repair a chicken coop some weeks before, and proceeding to the spot, I found it rusty and dirty, lying just where I had left it. A system like this, closely followed, would prove of immense advantage, for memory of where an article was used would immediately suggest the spot where it was to be found. Returning to the kitchen I commenced work. The rusty threads of the screws refused persistently to yield, but patience wins, and after a half-hour's sweating and fretting I had the top removed and the pump box in my hand. There were evident signs of decay in the leather, and bringing my natural ingenuity to bear upon it, I hammered, and tacked, and cut, and pulled, until I fancied that I had attained perfection in my effort.

"Mrs. Blifkins," says I, in my momentary satisfaction, "can you tell me the difference betwixt a man who mends pumps and a prune?"

Of course she couldn't, and I told her that one was a plum and the other was a plumber, whereat she was pleased to smile, though, I thought, rather derisively.

"Now we shall see," says I, putting in the box, "the triumph of genius. Pour in some water, Bridget, and as I pump shall you see the water flow."

I manned the brakes, but in vain my effort. No effect was produced but the most painful sound—a sort of asthmatic wheezing, like that of a porcine quadruped just expiring under the action of a surgical operation upon his neck. My triumph changed, and my chipper notes partook of a more tempestuous character as I muttered an expression that nothing but the immediate circumstances could justify.

"That's right," said my wife, "I would talk in that way. It will help the matter, I dare say very much. Men have got no patience. If they had to bear as much as women do, I don't know what would become of them."

"I will bring mechanics," said I, a little subdued, "and they shall bring the pump."

I immediately sought Lumb.

"Send workmen," said I, "oh, man of lead pipe and sodder, and mend that without which washing-day becomes a Sabbath without a sermon—for what were washing-day without water!"

Two men accompanied me to my home—philanthropists, with disposition and ability to relieve the difficulty under which I labored.

"Now, my boys," said I, as I introduced them to the field of their operations, "put her through."

The term "her" struck Mrs. Blifkins as irrelevant and somewhat personal, as I judged from her looks. No barometer could be more exact than was her countenance to my experienced vision.

"Look here, sir," said one of the men, trying the handle, "there ain't nothing the matter with the pump."

"Then what is the matter with the infernal thing?" I asked excitedly.

"The principal reason is, I think, sir, that the water has gin out."

I looked at the man wonderingly, but his honest eye convinced me that he was sincere, and after examination proved the truth of what he said.

"My friend," said I, "here is a trifle for you, and I will settle with Lumb. Don't say anything about it."

I never knew how the matter came out, but always thought Mrs. Blifkins must have told about it.—*Sat. Eve. Gazette.*

CHILDREN'S DISEASES.—There are not a few popular opinions, in regard to which it is useful at times to ask a question or two. For example, it is commonly thought that children must have what are commonly called "children's epidemics," "current contagions," &c.: in other words, that they are born to have measles, whooping-cough, perhaps even scarlet fever, just as they are born to cut their teeth, if they live. Now, do tell us, why must a child have measles? Oh, because, you say, we cannot keep it from infection; other children have measles—and it must have them, and it is safer that it should. But why must other children have measles? And if they have, why must yours have them too? If you believed in and observed the laws for preserving the health of houses, which inculcate cleanliness, ventilation, whitewashing, and other means (and which, by the way, *are* laws), as implicitly as you believe in the popular opinion (for it is nothing more than an opinion), that your children have children's epidemics, don't you think that upon the whole your child will be more likely to escape altogether?—*Florence Nightingale's Notes on Nursing.*

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE.

Our frigate was homeward bound to England from the Halifax Station, and during our first fortnight on the Atlantic, we had pleasant weather. Nothing remarkable occurred until one afternoon, when Mr. Murray, our first lieutenant, directed my attention to the very singular appearance of the sun. There was a great and most remarkable halo around it—not an ordinary, regular-shaped halo, but one which, if I may use the expression, was *Vandyked*, or split into divisions, like the points of the compass, and these sections were jagged at the edges, and kept fluctuating in shape. There were not many clouds, but all along the horizon to windward a dull-red mist had hung all day long, and steadily, albeit slowly, increased in magnitude and density. There was very little wind, and it came in inconstant puffs. The air was unusually warm for the latitude and the time of the year, and it had a queer oppressive feel.

Many others on board keenly noted the strange aspect of the sun and sky: and towards sunset there was a sudden and portentous change which could not escape the observation of the most stolid or inexperienced. The halo entirely disappeared, as though it were a mere dissolving view drawn by the hand of man, and was succeeded, almost directly, by a shapeless mass of vapor, through which the sun shone like a huge, dim globe of molten fire, red as red could be. When the sun touched the edge of the horizon, its apparent magnitude visibly shrunk and dwindled, as though the vapor thickened and contracted, so that when the orb finally disappeared, it was reduced to a mere spark, and its place was almost immediately filled by a dense curdling mist. The lurid vapor to windward had deepened materially, and now rose rapidly to the height of forty-five degrees. The wind died away to a light cat's-paw after sunset, and the ship had barely steerage way. Yet, to the astonishment of everybody, the barometer kept steady.

Our captain was an old and experienced mariner. Although not easily frightened, he was prudent. He stripped the ship of all her light sails, and sent down royal masts, and took in the studding-sail booms and the flying-gib-boom. That done, the men were sent to supper, and an anxious brooding silence ensued. By-and-by, the quartermaster at the wheel announced that the ship no longer had steerage way. The breeze, in fact, had sighed itself entirely to rest like a wearied child; and our lower canvass *thudded* heavily and listlessly, and the yards creaked at every slight roll of the hull. The "fire-mist," as an old seaman called it in my hearing, expanded all around and overhead, and thickened to such a degree that an unearthly darkness ensued. I say "unearthly," because it was not a good, common-place, natural obscurity, but rather a dense, nameless, palpable veil, not honestly black, but streaked and interwoven with dim, ruddy gleams. There was not the slightest glimpse of sky, nor atom of a genuine cloud; and the warm, dampish air felt sicklier than ever.

For a couple of hours after sunset, the phenomena of the heavens and the ocean remained much the same; and then there came a perceptible change for the worse. The dull reddish flakes faded out of the sombre mists, and a most marvellous sight ensued. I hardly know how to describe it intelligibly and faithfully; but if the reader will only conceive the vast canopy of darkness instantaneously sprinkled with tens of thousands of minute sparkling points—darting and flashing—appearing and disappearing—contracting and expanding—singly and in clusters, he will form a faint idea of the startling spectacle, unparalleled in the experience of the oldest seaman of the crew. Captain Ingledew came on deck, and issued precise orders in a low tone to the first lieutenant. He, in turn, communicated them to his subordinates in a subdued voice; and they were executed with a celerity and a silence that I never saw equalled either before or since on any similar emergency. The topgallant yards and masts were struck, and the spars eased of all top-hamper that could be dispensed with. The courses were furled. The mizen topsail was also furled. The fore and main topsails were closely reefed—this, when not an air of wind was blowing! Extra lashings were put on the boats, the ports and hatches were secured, and every conceivable precaution adopted to prepare the ship for the expected storm. A landsman would have imagined our captain had taken leave of his senses, by thus making ready his ship for action with an enemy as yet invisible and unfelt.

Another sudden and subtle change in the elements ensued. The sparkling points became fused together with an audible crepitation, and assumed the form of flickering lightning. This lightning spread itself from the horizon on all points, and culminated at the zenith, where it formed a superb coronal of living flame, environed by long tongues of crimson fire. Low growls of thunder afar off, now faintly struck the ear; and brighter and brighter flashed the lightning. Yet, so still was the atmosphere at this brooding moment, that the flame of a candle held up at arm's length, by way of experiment, ascended perfectly straight.

More and more vivid grew the lightning—nearer and louder roared Heaven's dread artillery; and an indescribable low creeping moaning betokened that the surface of the great deep was beginning to partake of the nervous agitation of the elements.

At length the great crisis was evidently at hand. Sea and ship were literally illumined by blinding lightning—not mere narrow flashes, but mighty flakes or streams of subtle electric fluid that momentarily swallowed up the "blackness of darkness," and that darted forked tongues of blazing fire, as though to lick up the impotent human beings exposed to their fell wrath. The color of this lightning *was not, as is ordinarily the case, a livid white,* but was red as blood—at least it seemed so to our excited fancies—and fearfully did it uplight the pale, ghastly-looking faces of our awe-struck crew. Ever and anon the appalling thunder bellowed and crashed like the blended report of a thousand pieces of heavy artillery; and every moment we expected the ship would be shattered to pieces beneath our feet.

A pause ensued, as though the demons of the storm were taking breath. In this brief interval, a ball of fire settled on the caps of each of the masts—an omen much dreaded by mariners, who call it a corposant. When only one ball appears it is termed Corpo Santo, or St. Helena; if two, Castor and Pollux; if three, St. Elmo's fire.

Another breathless pause, and then with a fearful rushing, hissing roar, the storm-wind burst upon our devoted vessel, and although it struck us astern, such was its terrific force that every sail but the close-reefed foretopsail and the storm-staysail was blown out of the bolt-ropes, and the ship plunged forward headlong into the seething ocean, until she was buried to the foremast. Had the blast caught her on the broadside, down we must have gone in the twinkling of an eye. Then the poor old craft uprose, her head quivering with the shock, and whole cataracts of water pouring off, and would have broached-to had she not been powerfully met by the helm. Onward she now rushed with a fearful and augmenting velocity, leaping and plunging, shaking and rolling, and at one time thrown over on her beam-ends, until several planks of the deck were under water. The sea rose in fury almost as suddenly as the wind, which literally upheaved vast masses of water and projected them bodily through the air. It was a curious fact that the spray which flew over us in drenching showers was milk-warm, whilst the rain was icy cold.

Never shall I forget that tremendous night! The oldest seaman on board had never experienced its equal. The stoutest heart quailed—the most dauntless trembled, lest the next minute might be his last.

Three of our boats, and above ninety feet of bulwarks, were carried clean away; the jib-boom broke off by the cap; the mizzen topmast snapped like a carrot; the mainyard smashed in the slings; the stern-post started; two feet water in the hold; seven men washed overboard! Ere morning we were compelled to "start" an immense quantity of fresh water; and our upper-deck guns and quarter-deck carronades were heaved overboard.

During eight-and-forty hours we battled with the insatiate tempest; nor did it finally moderate until every man on board was almost worn-out. On the morning of the third day, there was a decided lull in the storm, and ere nightfall it had moderated to a fitful breeze; but the sea swelled most fearfully. The song-book simile of waves running "mountains high" seemed almost realized. We were, however, now safe; for the carpenter had managed to reduce the leaks, so that the water was easily kept under.

The next day we repaired damages as well as the rolling of the ship permitted, for the sea continued to run exceedingly high. In the afternoon we perceived a vessel evidently in great distress, and, on nearing her, made out that she was a large Dutch schooner, either very deeply laden or waterlogged. Her mainmast was broken off about a score of feet above deck; the foretopmast snapped off at the cap of the foremast; and on the latter was set a foresail, or rather the remains of one, for it was split from head to foot in three or four places. Signals of distress were hoisted from the foreshrouds, and several of the crew waved pieces of canvas to attract our notice. With difficulty and risk our ship was hove to, in order to communicate with or relieve the stranger, if possible; and we hailed her repeatedly, but the answer was not intelligible. One thing we clearly perceived—the hapless Dutchman had not a boat left. One or two female forms emerging from the cabin increased our desire to render assistance. The risk of doing so was very great. If we lowered a boat and it escaped being swamped alongside, there was the intervening water to cross, and a boarding to be effected, and the crew and passengers taken off.

"Shall I lower the larboard cutter, sir?" asked the first lieutenant, addressing Captain Ingledew, who had long and anxiously gazed at the disabled craft.

"I will not *order* a boat to be lowered in such a sea as this!" was the quiet but significant response.

"Permit me to take the cutter, sir," I immediately said.

"And volunteers?"

"Four, sir, and a coxswain."

Permission was given, and in lieu of the regular cutter's crew, I selected a quartermaster as coxswain, and four prime seamen from a score or two, who immediately offered to go with me. Not a word was uttered by either the captain or my brother officers, concerning the danger of the undertaking; only Leigh Conway wrung my hand, and whispered the impressive interrogative words,

"If anything happens to you, old fellow?"

"Open the lower drawer in my cabin, and you will find a sealed packet, with directions outside."

He gravely nodded, and I calmly took my seat in the stern sheets of the cutter, now ready for lowering, under the immediate personal superintendence of the first lieutenant.

Kind old Captain Ingledew gave a loud ahem to clear away a little huskiness from his voice.

"Mr. Derwent!"

"Sir!" I responded.

"If you safely board the schooner, I expect you to return with the crew and passengers, if possible. But if you cannot get them off, you must decide whether to come back as you went, or to stay by the vessel and endeavor to save her. It seems to me an equal chance."

"If I resolve to abide by the schooner, Captain Ingledew, what are my instructions?"

"To save and work her to the nearest British port?"

"What signal shall I give in the latter case?"

"Three cur blades above the taffrail."

"All clear sailing now, sir; I will do my best."

"I do not doubt it. God be with you. Lower away the cutter!"

A favorable roll of the ship enabled the men successfully to perform the very delicate and uncertain act of lowering a boat in a mountainous sea, and the tackles were cast off the instant we touched the water.

"Give way, men! For life or death!"

For life or death we indeed struggled in more senses than one. Nothing, under Providence, but consummate skill on the part of the old quartermaster whom I had entrusted with steering, saved us from being capsized or sunk a score of times during the passage from our ship to the schooner. Our frail cutter was literally whirled like a cork on the yeasty billows, and when we sunk in the trough of the vast Atlantic "rollers," we appeared gliding to destruction helplessly as swiftly; at times monstrous green waves upreared their glittering crests far above our heads as though about to instantly burst upon us—yet not a single drop of water did we ship. A terrible hard pull was it, even for the powerful arms and toughened sinews of my gallant crew, and the time occupied seemed to us an age. At last we swept within a boat's length of the schooner, and then the question was how to board her without having the cutter stayed alongside.—Thrice we attempted to board amidships, but, even with the help of the Dutchmen, utterly failed. I then resolved to try the counter, and a small hawser having been cast to us, we made fast and veered astern. By carefully watching the pitch of the schooner, myself and three men managed to get on board over the taffrail, leaving the other two to keep the cutter clear.

The scene presented by the deck of mynheer was not remarkably encouraging. The round house had been swept overboard; the bulwarks were shattered; a few broken spars and tangled rigging and ropes were strewn about; and eight or ten miserable-looking seamen were clustered aft, staring at me with a woe-begone eagerness, almost ludicrous in its intensity. The females whom we had seen on deck had gone below.

"Do any of you speak English?" was my first query.

Not a soul replied.

"Who's the captain? the skipper? the master?"

My last two words elicited immediate ejaculations.

"Den schipper? den meester?"

"Yes, where is he?"

A couple of the fellows instantly dived down the companion-way, and a wonderful spluttering and groaning saluted my astonished ears. A brief pause and they returned, pushing and hauling on deck—their skipper! He was a squab fat old man, attired in corduroy trowsers, a huge green flapped waistcoat, and a blue coat reaching down almost to his heels, and profusely decorated with brass buttons as large as five shilling pieces. He wore a pair of sea boots with wide tops, reaching high above his knees, and a great fur cap on his head. His broad puffy face was white and wrinkled with fright, and his goggle blue eyes rolled round without a particle of animation or expression.

"What the devil!" (pardon my expletive, ladies,) cried I, "are *you* the master?"

"Den schipper! yaw!" chorussed his crew, whilst he himself grimaced hideously, and murmured—

"Ag my wat pyn!"

"What pain!" echoed I, understanding a little Dutch; "why, what is the matter with you!"

"Helas wat scrik!" moaned he. (Alas, what terror!)

"Wakker, schipper!" (courage, skipper!) cried one of his crew. "Hed moed!" (come, cheer up!) added another.

But the unhappy old shipmaster was so bewildered and terror-stricken that he only groaned piteously and wrung his hands.

I paused a moment and surveyed the wretched skipper with the profound contempt and disgust which a seaman naturally feels when he beholds one of his own manly profession overcome with abject fear in the presence of danger at sea.

"Skipper, do you speak English?" cried I in no gentle tones.

The question seemed to arouse him, for he goggled hideously, and murmured—

"Yaw, mynheer, yaw! I spik English mooch fine!"

"What's your name?"

"Myn naam Vanderdunderboom!"

"Hem! a pretty name and very pretty fellow you are! What is the name of your schooner?"

"Den Keizer!" (The Emperor).

"Where from?"

"Azores to Rotterdam."

"What's your cargo?"

Mynheer Vanderdunderboom paused a moment to collect his ideas, and then informed me that his cargo was goods and fruit. Further questions elicited that the vessel had sprung a leak, in the bows, as he believed, but he seemed to know very little on that or any other subject, and I could not make his crew comprehend me. I was about to ask concerning the passengers, when they emerged from the cabin—two females, and an elderly gentleman, all of whom I knew at a glance to be English. The gentleman, named Blackburne, who appeared very weak and ill, briefly expressed his thankfulness that a British naval officer had come to rescue them, and said that the young lady was his daughter, and the woman her servant. I scarcely glanced at either of the latter, being too much occupied by the emergency of the case. Mr. Blackburne expressed his opinion that so far as leakage was concerned the vessel was in no immediate danger of foundering, but anxiously asked if I thought I could safely convey them on board the man-of-war, I candidly told him that the risk would be exceedingly great, and that my first duty was to ascertain the real state of the schooner.

On sounding the pumps and examining the vessel, I fancied there was a possibility of saving her, and resolved to "father" a sail over the bows to stop the supposed leaks. With a deal of shouting we managed to make the crew understand our intentions, and a spare fore-and-aft foresail being got on deck, my own men "thrummed" it. So little help did the Dutch seamen give, that my patience was exhausted, and forgetting that they could not understand my words, I gave them a grand nautical lecture, to which they listened open-mouthed, and clattered their wooden shoes.

"Look alive, you pickle-herring lubbers!" roared I, "and don't stand goggling at me as if you had each swallowed a belaying pin! And do *you*, Mynheer Vanderdunderboom, bestir yourself like a man, or by George!" and I significantly shook a rope's end over his head. The idea of their corpulent old skipper being threatened with a rope's-ending so tickled the fancies of the Dutchmen, that they grinned, and hee-hawed, and yawed like a parcel of donkeys over a bed of thistles. "Do you hear, Mynheer?" I reiterated, giving the life-rail a smart rap with the rope.

"Ag! yaw! I spik Engelish mooch—all saam—ik koom'er van Engeland—mooch Engelish fine—ag! myn vrou!"

"You old dunderheaded idiot! go below to your berth. You are neither boy, man, sailor, nor soger! You are no more use on board than an empty pickle-jar!"

We got the sail over the bows and manned the pumps. The result was most satisfactory. The chief, if not only leaks—for the craft was exceedingly stout and well-built—were about the bows, and the sail drew in so well that half an hour's vigorous pumping lightened the vessel a foot, and convinced us that provided no fresh leak occurred there was no imminent danger of foundering. Hardly had we come to this conclusion ere a gun was fired from the "Termagant" as a reminder. My resolution was formed on the instant—I would stay by the schooner.

"Lash three oars on the end to the taffrail, quartermaster!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The signal was promptly acknowledged by our ship firing another gun and keeping away on her own proper course.

I next had our cutter hauled up, and the two men clambered on board. In their place I put the Dutch cabin-boy with a bucket to bale out any water the boat might ship, and then veered her astern to the length of half-a-dozen fathoms.

As I turned round from superintending this duty, the sweetest of all sweet voices saluted me with the eager words—

"Oh, sir, how thankful I am that you are here to save us!"

"My daughter, Lucy, Mr. Derwent," said Mr. Blackburne. "Lieut. Derwent, my child."

We exchanged bows—mine involuntarily a deep one, and on raising my head I gazed at the young lady so fixedly that a rosy blush reminded me of my want of manners, and then I stammered and stood like a simpleton. The truth was, I felt as much astounded as Mynheer Vanderdunderboom would have done, had a veritable mermaid skipped on deck and flopped down at his High Mightiness's feet with a deep-sea curtsey. For did I not behold a fine, handsome girl, standing in the graceful attitude of an accomplished lady, with such a frank, charming expression, such bonny blue, sparkling eyes, such smiling lips, such—I've said enough—you'll imagine the rest.

"Yes," said her father gravely, "with the blessing of Providence on the exertions of yourself and your gallant men, Mr. Derwent, we may now reasonably hope to reach home once more."

"Oh," exclaimed Lucy, with considerable vivacity, "from the moment I saw your boat lowered, I felt that my fears were at an end, and—and"—she stopped short and blushed anew.

"God grant your confident anticipations may be realized," said I. "We will do all that British seamen can do. I promise no more. But pardon me, sir, I must now take steps to insure our mutual safety."

Mr. Blackburne bowed, and went below with his daughter and the servant.

It would not be generally interesting were I to detail all that I did to render the schooner seaworthy. Suffice it that my grim old quartermaster kept the poor Dutchman so hard at work at the pumps, that the vessel was as dry as an empty bucket by eight bells; and meanwhile my own seamen had cleared the decks of the wreck of rigging, &c., bent a foresail in a ship-shape manner, and erected a jury-mast in place of the main, and a jiggermast abaft, temporary sails being hoisted on each.

I was just wondering what sort of a supper I and the men could obtain (for beef-fed Britons don't cordially relish the fare of Dutch seamen), when Mr. Blackburne came on deck and informed me that a good, substantial supper would be sent on deck for my men in a few minutes, and that his daughter requested my company at her own table in the cabin.

I was agreeably surprised to find a roomy, handsomely-fitted cabin (the whole of which had been engaged by Mr. Blackburne), and a table supplied with a most appetizing hot supper. Nor was my appetite diminished by incidentally learning that the supper had been prepared by the fair industrious hands of Miss Lucy Blackburne, assisted by her maid. And a very happy supper it was in that Dutchman's cabin—albeit we could hear the occasional grunts and moans, and dolorous ejaculations of Mynheer Vanderdunderboom, as he rolled about in his berth in the adjoining steerage.

I learnt something during that supper. I learnt that Mr. Blackburne was a gentleman of fortune and landed estate in Yorkshire—that Lucy was his only child, and that her mother was dead; that they had been to the Azores in consequence of the death of Mr. Blackburne's only brother, who had long been settled there as a merchant, and had recently died, leaving the Yorkshire squire his sole heir, which obliged the latter to sail to the Azores, to take possession and realise the large property bequeathed to him; that Lucy accompanied her father; that when they had settled their business at the Azores, they waited some time for a vessel to convey them home, and were obliged, at last, to embark in the Dutch schooner "Den Keizer."

I learnt, moreover, that I was in love. Ten thousand times no! How *could* I be in love *with this Yorkshire girl, at first sight?* "Shiver my topsails!" *(as sailors say in sea-novels,* but *never* on shipboard) such an idea is only worthy of a bedlamite. In love? What! on board a half-foundered, dismasted Dutch schooner, with her skipper *pumped* to a jelly lying in the neighboring steerage, groaning and maundering worse than an old wife with the toothache!

Three days have elapsed.

On the morning of the third day Mynheer Vanderdunderboom came crawling on deck. He had changed for the better. His bewilderment had given place to a sort of uncalculating confidence, now that he at length understood that a British naval officer was in charge of his vessel, and he smoked his dirty old pipe, and quaffed his "Hollands" with gusto on deck, and saluted me with a Dutch complimentary phrase which I am far too modest to translate. So exhilarated did Mynheer Vanderdunderboom's spirits become after smoking a couple of ounces of negro-head, and imbibing something like a pint of juniper smelling Hollands, that he addressed me in what he fondly believed to be pure English.

"You speak English astonishingly well, Captain Vanderdunderboom," I gravely remarked. "One would fancy you must have learned our language when very young!"

"Yaw, mynheer," complacently replied the innocent Dutchman, highly gratified by the compliment, "I does spik Engelish saam well een Engelander. Engelish gute, my Faderland tongue betterer."

"Ah, Dutch must be a lovely language, indeed!"

Mynheer Vanderdunderboom rolled his eyes and smacked his lips, and patriotically grunted by way of affirmative.

"I vonce skipper der Engelish sheep."

"You were once captain of an English ship—is it possible?"

"Yaw; I did be skipper of steam-sheep dat go from Hull to Rotterdam. I go voyage one—never not no more."

"How was that."

"Ag! ten tousand duvils! I vil never not no more put my foots omboard steam-sheep! I vas sail from Hull; big of passengers; mooch Engelish ladies omboard. I gallant man to dem Engelish womens—show dem all ter machines of ter sheep. Dere is von round hole in deck of steam-sheep for to put coal down to ter stokers, and dat tamt round hole vas open ven I show engines to ter womens. I not nohow see him, and in von leetle minute I slip in dat duvil hole."

"You didn't fall through into the coal-room?"

"No," groaned Mynheer Vanderdunderboom, "I slip down to *Aere!*" impressively slapping what Buntline called his "midship bilge." "And I jamb, and all ter ladies squeal laughters, and dance round me. Ugh! dere I vas. I try lift out—not nohow. And ter womens squeal laughters till I mad, and ter tamt sailor laughs, too, and pull me, while ter stokers push at my foots in ter coal-house, and tey pull and push till I cry my arms vas coming off. More dey pull, faster I jamb, and ter sailors say must heave me out by a purchase. So dey rig a derrick, and clap rope round my pody, and all hands tail on to ter tackle fall, and haul till ter rope smokes, and I thinks I vas pulled all in leetle bits. Still I fast, and myn pody swells in ter tamt hole, so I feel I burst, ag schrikkelik! Ter carpenter

get axe and chop ter deck till him cut hole big as von hatchway to get me out. Dat cost me fifty gulden to repair, and I lie abed von month. Ag, I never set foots onboard steamsheep not never no more, nohow!"

"A most commendable and prudential resolution, my dear Mynheer Vanderdunderboom!" exclaimed Miss Lucy Blackburne, who had joined us on the quarter-deck in time to overhear the conclusion of the skipper's narrative. "And what is more, I should strongly advise you, on next reaching Rotterdam, to bid adieu forever to the treacherous main, and settle down for life, with your good old 'vrou' by your side, at a house in the suburbs, with a 'bloomen-garten,' where you can cultivate tulips, and a summer house with a wooden sentry at the door, where you can sit and smoke all day long, and relate your terrific voyage on the wild Atlantic, and what unparalleled seamanship you displayed, and how heroically you exerted yourself to save the vessel by—pumping with your own hands under compulsion of an English quartermaster!"

Mynheer Vanderdunderboom slowly puffed a yard of smoke from his meerschaum, and stared with his great fishy eyes at Lucy for the space of a minute and a half; then emitted a long-drawn, guttural grunt (which might mean everything or nothing); and without uttering a syllable of reply, coolly turned his back on her and gazed apparently at a cloud in the far distance. As this is the last glimpse the reader will have of his High Mightiness, I regret that it presents him in a somewhat ungallant light; but great men have their little occasional weaknesses, you know.

Gentle breezes and a smooth sea lasted us until our deep-sea lead had brought up "sand and shells," by which we knew to a certainty that we had entered the "chops of the Channel," and were within a day's sail of an English port. Heigho! I absolutely whistled for a head wind, so reluctant was I at the prospect of a termination to the delightful society I enjoyed aboard "Den Keizer." And when we let go anchor in Plymouth Sound I looked so rueful that "bonby sweet Lucy, sae gentle an' peerless," archly laughed in my face, and then blushed crimson. Why she laughed and why she blushed was a mystery which would have puzzled the wisdom of Mynheer Vanderdunderboom to elucidate.

When we were about to part, Mr. Blackburne, after briefly but warmly expressing his gratitude for the services I had been the instrument of rendering, invited me, in a way that would take no denial, to visit him and spend Christmas and the New Year at his Yorkshire home. "I think, Mr. Derwent," added he, with a drollish smile, "that my daughter will, if needful, add her frank and earnest invitation to mine." But Miss Lucy didn't, for all that! No, the demure young lady hadn't even the grace to express in an ordinary commonplace way that she would be glad to see me beneath her father's roof; but—

The "but" is such an important "but," that *I must honor it by commencing a fresh sentence.*

But she gave me her little hot, trembling hand; and if she didn't look rosy as Aurora; and if her bright eyes were not dimmed with tears; and if her lips did not quiver as she faltered farewell—I am as true a Dutchman as Mynheer Vanderdunderboom!

From Plymouth I proceeded with my men to Portsmouth, where the "Termagant" had arrived only two days before the Dutch schooner (for the salvage of which we were, by-the-by, handsomely remunerated by the Rotterdam owners). The "Termagant" was paid off, and I found myself, by the beginning of December, free as the winds that blow, so far as my personal movements were concerned—but my heart! "Ag! woe!" (as Mynheer Vanderdunderboom had taught me to ejaculate)—my heart—ah! woe!—my heart was a throbbing captive in the possession of Miss Lucy Blackburne.

A week before Christmastide, I donned a bran-new uniform, and set forth on my promised visit to Mr. Blackburne's residence which was contiguous to a hamlet on the Yorkshire coast. I arrived there nearly at midnight on the 21st, and late as it was, received a welcome worthy of an old, *old friend.* Whether it is strict Yorkshire etiquette for a young lady to sit up till midnight to receive an expected guest, is more than I can tell; but I know that Miss Lucy was up to greet me, and no gem from the mines of Golconda ever glistened and sparkled more brightly than her eyes.

At breakfast I was introduced to about a dozen guests, who had been invited to spend Christmas, like myself. The origin of my acquaintance with the Blackburnes was talked over and laughed at, and a hundred schemes for spending the season right merrily were discussed. The three next days were spent in a succession of delightful country amusements. To me, however, there was one terrible drawback, in the shape of a great hulking fellow of a Yorkshire squire, who stood six feet two in his stockings, was only twenty-two years of age (would to goodness I could have made him fourscore by a touch of a magic wand!) a renowned fox-hunter and four-bottle man, rawboned, strong as Hercules (the scoundrel almost crushed my hand to a jelly under pretence of shaking it, to express his pleasure at seeing "the hero," as he phrased it, of the Dutch schooner, but in reality to give me a palpable hint that he could smash me like crockery, if I had made it worth his while); who had what his friends called a slight cast in the eye, but which I pronounced to be a hideous squint; who had a pair of tremendous whiskers, as red and bushy as a fox's tail; and who (here comes the sting of the matter!) was a sort of cousin—I don't know how many times removed—of Lucy Blackburne; and in virtue of this cousinship the gaunt creature at all times assumed airs of disgusting familiarity towards her; talking to her without a shade of reverence; cloaking and shawling her; and, on the whole, behaving towards her in a way that made my blood simmer and boil. Pray don't fancy that I was jealous of him. Not a bit of it, only—only I should not have put on mourning had he broken his neck in leaping a five-barred gate. That's all.

On the morning of Christmas Eve, we all resolved ourselves into a Committee of Ways and Means, to devise and determine how to spend the evening in a manner worthy of the occasion. I know we consulted a variety of old books in our host's library to enable us to get up our merry makings in genuine old English style, and I also know we were all in immense spirits after an early tea, and agreed, as it was a most brilliant starlight night, with a sharp frost, to take a stroll out on the cliffs before commencing the Christmas revels.

And so we set forth, a pleasant party, the gentlemen in the highest spirits, the ladies enjoying themselves immensely, all mightily exhilarated, and quite as happy as mortals have any sort of a right to be in this vale of tears and tribulations. On the summit of the precipitous cliffs, we, naturally enough, frolicked into little separate groups, and I'm sure you will admit that it was perfectly natural that Julia Summercourt (what a pretty name!) and Lucy Blackburne, and Charles Derwent, very speedily found themselves isolated from all others; and it was even yet more natural and proper that a very few minutes only elapsed ere Julia Summercourt disappeared.

Meanwhile, we had descended to the beach, and pursued a mightily rough walk of a mile or two, till we got under the shadow of the great cliff which contained the Smuggler's Cave. A huge, gloomy, savage, thundering cliff it was! "There is the cave!" said Miss Lucy; and sure enough, I saw a gloomy opening right on a level with the beach—an opening unapproachable save at low water, as it happened to be then. We drew nigh the mouth. "Stop a moment," whispered Miss Lucy. (I'm sure I don't know why she whispered, for not a living soul was within a mile.) "I've got a wax taper," said she, and she produced and lighted it. The night was very calm, as cold, frosty nights usually are. The wax taper shed a bright, flickering light on the face of the cliff, and we carefully picked our way within the Smuggler's Cave.

The cave was a very ordinary cave. There was nothing about it suggestive of a raw-head-and bloody-bones legend. I certainly paused a moment at the entrance to gaze at a huge mass of overhanging cliff, which struck me as being suspended somewhat in the fashion of Damocles' sword; but as Miss Lucy did not appear to notice it or care for it, we passed within, and by the light of the taper surveyed the dank roof and rugged sides, and the rocky bottom, on which sea-weeds grew near the entrance. I perpetrated some stupid jokes, and Miss Lucy condescended to laugh; and then—well, and then, after we had duly surveyed the cold, damp hole, we were in the very act of passing forth on to the beach, when the overhanging mass of cliff, without giving us warning by a single crack, fell thundering down, and blocked up the entrance. If I were to say that Lucy did not scream, and that I did not—ejaculate, on this astounding occurrence, probably nobody would believe me.

Gracious me! we were in a nice predicament. The tide was "making," and, sailor-like, my first thought was about that. I asked poor, trembling Lucy how high the tide ascended in the cave, and my fellow-captive confessed she *didn't know; but judging by the sea-weed and the shell-fish, I concluded that the sea habitually* came in at high water to a most uncomfortable as well as perilous extent. I made a desperate effort to "break the blockade," but I might as well have attempted to move the Great Pyramid.

Time sped. I shouted till I was hoarse. Lucy cried till her eyes were red—not for fear, but for thinking what people would say of her for getting into such a peculiar trouble. I'm sure I comforted her as well as I knew how, and I even hazarded a hardy assertion that our friends would be sure to rescue us before the wax taper was burned out. But that said taper was at its last flicker when a loud halloo (I recognized the voice of the detested Yorkshire squire), gave us assurance that Julia Summercourt had turned up somewhere, and had put our friends on the right scent to discover us. The cold, rippling tide had advanced so far as to drive us to the extremity of the cave by this time, and the squire and his companions were actually afloat in a boat at its entrance. They bawled to us the comfortable assurance that until the tide ebbed again no help could be given.

I will say nothing whatever about the interminable night we were compelled to spend. Suffice it that when the tide receded at day-dawn a numerous body of men, armed with pick-axes and other tools, attacked the fallen mass of rock, and after half-a-dozen hours of hard labor, they cut a passage for us to emerge, and we stepped forth to the beach, and Lucy threw herself sobbing on the breast of her father, and I—oh, confound it!—I was the butt for the arrows of Yorkshire wit, which every man and woman present discharged in a cloud.

It was now Christmas Day, and on our way home the wretch of a cousin, whom I have already characterized, thought well to speak a word to me apart.

"I say, lieutenant," muttered he, "you are what I call a silver-spoon man!"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Oh, nothing. Only I fancy you 'know the ropes,' as you seamen call it."

"I wish I knew the rope spun to hang you!" I angrily retorted.

He burst into a horse laugh.

"No offence, lieutenant—oh, dear, no! Smuggler's Cave's a nice Cupid's bower, eh? Yes. Don't swear so. You will want a groomsman. *I'm* disengaged, and always at home!"

"Sir!" I stammered passionately.

"All right!" shouted the monster, with another hilarious burst of laughter that made the very cliffs ring.

Well, after all, I didn't think this hideous Yorkshire cousin such a very atrocious wretch as I had hitherto done, when he actually *did* officiate as my groomsman some six months subsequently.

Right bells, my hearties! The watch is called, and my yarn reeled off. Here's wishing that every honest man may sooner or later tackle a Lucy as bonny and as good as mine, and may there ever be a Smuggler's Cave for him to pop the question in!

☞ A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was ready to renounce the devil and all his works. "Oh, your honor," said Pat, "don't ask me that; I'm going into a strange country, and I don't want to make myself enemies!"

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Foreshadowings—Preparing for Lent—The Empress's Petticoats—Vegetation in the Moon—A Queer Story—Fishes Again—A Bold Project—Mr. Spurgeon in Paris.

Paris, Feb. 9, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

Notwithstanding the general tone of hopefulness inspired by the more pacific-looking policy of the Emperor of the French, Europe is far from easy as to the future. The long delay in the settlement of Italian affairs, the prevalence of the rumors of annexation of Savoy, and the obstinacy of the Pope and Austrian Kaiser, all conspire to keep the public mind of this hemisphere in a state of doubt and anxiety. Rumors of coming trouble, of war that is to "break out" with fresh violence "in the spring," are rife in Prussia, Berlin, Vienna, and here; the Northern Italians naturally sharing the common persuasion to a very great extent. One hardly sees how, when, why, or by whom war is to be made; but, the fact that the public mind is not quiet, cannot be denied.

In this city, people are doing their best to get all the merriment they can out of the short time left them before Lent begins. For the information of those who may be anxious to know whether the tyrant "crinoline" is really going out or holding its own; I may state, on ample authority, that it is holding sway as tyrannically as ever. It is true, as I learn from a lady who saw her Majesty during the three days that she persisted in the experiment of going without her hoops, that the Empress really has been trying to do without the circles of steel that now encompass civilized womankind; but it is equally true that she has abandoned the attempt in despair, the Emperor himself declaring that their absence made her look "a figure," and entreating her to assume the discarded garment once more. So we may consider the reign of "crinoline" as having now taken a new lease of existence.

Those who had the curiosity and the patience to sit up to the small hours of the morning, on the night of the 6th inst., had the satisfaction of witnessing a tolerably complete eclipse of the little satellite whose influence is generally regarded as so injurious to the mental health of the people of our planet. Our satellite has hitherto been considered as little better than a lump of matter without organization, or life of any kind on its surface, and the principal reason in support of this supposition lay in the assertion that the moon has no atmosphere, or, at most, only a very low one, just above the surface of the globe. But we learn from a recent article in the Astronomische Nachrichten, from the pen of the celebrated astronomer, Herr Schwabe, that, in attentively examining the curious streaks on the moon's surface which some astronomers have taken for roads, fortifications, or other artificially produced objects, he has ascertained that, at certain periods, *they present a greenish hue, which they lose in the course of a few months,* and then reassume after a similar period.—Such an appearance, Mr. Schwabe contends, can only be produced by vegetation, and is similar to the appearances which our earth must present to the eyes of a lunarian in the ordinary rotation of our terrestrial seasons. If this curious observation be confirmed, and vegetation exist in the moon as on the earth, there must be water in the moon, and the existence there of animal life would seem of necessity to follow from that of vegetation.

From the moon to the tides of our own planet which are so intimately dependent on her influence, and thence to the very remarkable work of Lieutenant Julien, entitled *Currents and Revolutions of the Atmosphere and of the Sea,* the transition is easy. Among the many curious things interspersed through this highly interesting work, is a most graphic description of the phenomenon of the *mirage,* which I extract, as nearly as possible, in the author's own words:—

After a violent hurricane, which occurred on the 15th of December, 1846, off the island of Reunion, we found ourselves separated from the French corvette *La Berceau,* which could not, however, be far off. We were enabled, by the aid of jury-masts, to reach, in the course of a few days, the island of Ste Marie of Madagascar, which was the place of rendezvous. It was in vain we searched the horizon, sounded the creeks, and explored all the sinuosities of the coast; we could find no traces of our missing companions. A month of cruel anxiety had thus passed, when the man at the mast-head called out, "A wreck to the westward, drifting towards the land."

It was no dream; the sun was shining brilliantly, the sky clear: the warm air vibrated on the horizon. All our telescopes, turned in the direction, confirmed the truth of the first announcement. But our emotion was raised to the very highest pitch when, instead of a dismasted vessel, we descried a raft laden with men, and towed by boats, on which were seen fluttering signals of distress. The figures were clearly and sharply defined; the outlines all distinct. For several hours, on board our frigate, the captain, officers and sailors, every man of us, under the influence of a feverish hallucination, could follow, with our own eyes, the details of this indescribable scene. Admiral Desfosses, who was then in command of the Indian station, hastily ordered out the first steamer that happened to be at hand, in order to hasten to the rescue of these living waifs that the ocean seemed willing to restore to us from the depths of its abysses. The night falls without a twilight under the tropics; and day was just declining when the *Archimedes* arrived near the object of its mission. She stopped in the midst of floating spars, and sent out her boats. All around her were seen men, in motion, and lifting up their hands to Heaven, while a subdued and confused hum of many voices was heard mingling with the splash of the oars. A few seconds more, and we should be embracing our brethren, rescued from certain death. But alas! what an illusion! Our boats got entangled among the thick branches of large trees torn from the neighboring coast, and drawn with the leaves into the counter-currents directed towards the north. Thus vanished this strange vision; thus disappeared the last hope which a deceitful mirage had, so to say, evoked from the depths of the ocean.

Certainly, "those who go down to the sea in ships" behold wonders. Among other curious things connected with the sea, is the discovery, by some French sailors, near Newfoundland, of several specimens of nests built by the fishes of that region. Strange as may seem the idea of fishes building nests, it is vouched for by Dr. Fleury, chief of the medical staff at St. Pierre and Miquelon. These nests are usually found attached to the lines thrown out to catch cod-fish, from depths of about 60 yards. The diameters of these nests vary from 1½ to 7 inches, and their depth from 2 to 2½ inches. They are round, and their sides are rather thick. The creature, whatever it be, builds them by entwining the branches of several aquatic polypi, such as the sertularia, cellaria, cataniculla, &c., among which are enlaced numerous shells of the *mytilus borealis,* with an immense quantity of the spawn of that species. Aristotle tells us that there are fish endowed with the instinct of building nests among the marine algæ. Pliny, says that the *physcis,* (a fish unknown to us,) is the only one that builds nests in the seaweed, and lays its spawn therein. Ovid also alludes to this fish. Gesner thinks that the fish thus alluded to is the whiting, and states that Bishop Pelicier, of Montpellier, had seen both gudgeon and hippocampus spawn amidst the algæ. Now all Newfoundland sailors know the whiting, or caplan, and await its arrival to begin fishing for cod; it spawns among the banks there, and it is therefore not impossible that this little fish may be the builder of these nests. M. Normann has recently announced that nests are built in the Black Sea; so that we may conclude that there are three or four species of fish possessing this wonderful instinct. The *Gasterosteus Aculeatus,* a small sweet-water fish, is known to build nests; and M. Coste, the renowned pisciculturist, has been enabled to witness the fact in the tanks of the College de France, and to publish very accurate drawings of these nests. M. Valenciennes—who has just presented Dr. Fleury's Report to the Academy of Sciences—concluded his communication by stating that he had been told, by the fishermen of the island of Sen (opposite the dangerous point of Penmarck, in Finisterre,) that lobsters, which always keep at a great depth, sometimes exceeding 75 fathoms, build very neat nests for their young.

Fishes, their habits, and the means for ensuring their propagation on a very large scale, are rather the order of the day just now. The fish-growing business is every year assuming larger proportions in this country; and M. Coste, of the Institute, and the head and chief of the fish-raising now so extensively carried on here by the French Government, has just published, in the *Moniteur,* a fresh report to the Minister of Marine, on the subject of stocking with oysters the Bay of Arcachon, an operation with which he was some time ago charged by the Emperor. He describes his latest appafatus for collecting and preserving the spawn of oysters, viz.:—a sort of float made of branches of trees, and by means of which so great a change has been effected in various ways along the coast, thanks to various improvements in this apparatus, effected by Drs. Salanne and Salesque. The apparatus now forms a sort of covered box, or vase, so constructed as to collect, at spots where oysters congregate, the greater part of the spawn, and prevent its being carried away by the current. The sides of these boxes are covered with a mixture of tar and fragments of shells and pebbles, so as to form a rough surface to which the spawn can easily adhere, and from which, on the mixture being dried, it can be easily removed. By means of these improvements, the spawn is kept from perturbations in the water, and allows of the embryo oysters being more frequently examined, and more easily removed. When the operation is to be carried on upon a very large scale, small branches of trees are introduced into the boxes. By means of the new arrangements, it has been found possible to collect as many as 100,000 embryo oysters in a box one metre square; so that, with twelve or fifteen such boxes, not fewer than 1,000,000 oysters can be obtained in the space of a hectare (two acres and a half.) As that number of oysters, when fit for sale, and collected into parks, are worth at least 25,000 francs, M. Coste calculates that the Bay of Arcachon may be made to produce a revenue of 12,000,000 or even 15,000,000 of francs. Excellent as the new apparatus is, M. Coste proposes that, in addition to its use, certain parts of the shore shall be "paved" with shells, to collect whatever spawn may escape the boxes. He also proposes to establish in the bay what he calls "School-Farms," the object of which shall be to give practical lessons in the art of breeding oysters on a grand scale.

Before quitting the subject of the sea and its wonders, I must find room to mention the odd announcement, just made by some of the German journals, to the effect that a company of English capitalists have made an application to the King of Naples, for a concession for the extinction of Mount Vesuvius! The principal seat of the fire of that volcano is supposed to be situated several thousand feet below the level of the sea. By cutting a canal which should carry the waters of the sea into the crater, the fire, the company supposes, would be completely extinguished, and the operation, which would cost only two millions of francs, would restore to cultivation land of ten times that value. As to any possible risk of steam explosion, granting the possibility of getting the water into the seat of the fire, as the commotion would take place under the sea, it is probably thought that the fishes will be the sufferers therefrom.

But I must hasten back from this long salt water ramble to *terra firma,* and to that portion of it whence these lines are now being addressed to you, in order to convey to your readers my impression of the renowned and reverend individual who is now in this city, and preaching, twice a day, for the few days of his stay, in the American and other Protestant chapels.

On Tuesday evening last, then, Mr. Spurgeon preached, for the first time, in the American Episcopal Chapel of the Rue de Berri near the top of the Champs Elysees. The building is an exceedingly pretty one; not very large, though capable of holding many more than its usual congregation. On each side are six pillars of the free-stone of which the church is built, with tastefully ornamented capitals, supporting pointed Gothic arches. A row of small painted windows above the pillars send a softened light into the body of the church which is not otherwise lighted. The organ is placed over the entrance, there being no other gallery. A recess at the farther end railed off and surrounded by crimson cushions, forms the chancel, and contains the pulpit above and the communion-table below. The pulpit and chancel are of carved oak, crimson velvet; and the aisles are carpeted in the same color. The extreme neatness, simplicity, and good taste which have presided over every detail of this building, are worthy of all praise. Everything about it is simple, handsome, and well combined; the contrast between the rich hues of the carved oak, crimson fittings, and pale, creamy hue of the stone walls and pillars, is most agreeable to the eye.

Mr. Spurgeon is young, exceedingly short and thick, with a low and *not* broad forehead, dark eyes and hair, the latter evidently not unacquainted with pomatum, and full cheeks, in fact, a generally puffy-looking young man. He wears very high collars, partly, it may be, to dissimulate the exceeding breadth of the the lower part of his face, and a tie of consummate whiteness and precision. For the rest, an irreproachable suit of sable broadcloth.

Seen in profile, his nose is almost hidden by his cheeks; seen in front, his mouth is shaped like that of a rabbit, opening upwards, as it were, and showing very white teeth.

The moment he begins to speak, you perceive the secret of his power. He has one of the richest, fullest, and most magnificent voices it is possible to hear; deep, round, sonorous, and so full that even when he roars, (as he occasionally does) as though like the priests of Baal, he thought his god were sleeping, and makes every nerve in your head tingle with the sound, he never seems to get to the end of it, it is rich, full, round, to the farthest extreme to which he draws upon it. He expounded at great length a very long Psalm, and preached a very long sermon; besides making two prayers, and reading three hymns. His bodily strength is evidently prodigious; for he speaks almost incessantly from the time he gets into the pulpit, and moves about, and gesticulates a great deal. His language is that of a tolerably well-educated man, possessing much fluency, and plenty of common-place images and illustrations. There is much talent and readiness, but not a trace of anything intellectually higher in his utterances; no fire, no inspiration, in short, not the faintest indication of *genius!* He speaks with great vigor, and an appearance of fervency which his admirers regard as evidence of the most profound sincerity; to others this seeming fervor may possibly seem of doubtful alloy. He is evidently one who would be at home amidst the excitement of an American "camp-meeting" or an Irish "revival." Indeed, several allusions he made to the way in which "the Lord's people" are moved to "lift up their voices" on such occasions, showed plainly that his sympathies tended pretty strongly in that direction. He evidently has faith in noise, spasmodic emotions, and outbursts. When the congregation had sung the first verse of the first hymn, he broke in upon them by declaring that they had "sung very faintly and coolly," and begged them to try and emulate Whitfield's followers, who, when they "praised the Lord, made the welkin ring."

On the occasion in question, Mr. Spurgeon did not give way to the eccentricities in which he so often indulges in London, as when, for instance, not long ago, in order to illustrate the ease of going wrong, he left the pulpit, threw one leg over the balusters, and slid down to the bottom, (his weight naturally carrying him down in splendid style), and then, to show how hard it is to get up-hill again to virtue, pulled himself (and a laborious feat it must have been) by main force, up again to the top. But a certain vulgarity of tone, and of thought, and tendency to express himself by the most common-place and unpoetic metaphors, with a touch of the burlesque towards the end, showed that he might very well fall into that vein, as when he advised those who were tormented by evil thoughts to serve them as they did vagrants, in old times, in England, viz.: "whip them at the cart-tail, and send them back to their own parish; so I say to you, my beloved brethren," he added, "when these evil thoughts creep into your mind, whip them at the cart-tail, and send them to the place from which they came, to Satan!"

Very good advice; and much the best thing the preacher favored his hearers with that evening.

The collection, made at the friendly suggestion of Rev. Dr. Prentiss, the pastor, was offered to Mr. Spurgeon in aid of the efforts he is now making to erect, in London, a building capable of containing 10,000 persons. Twenty thousand pounds have been subscribed already to this end, but ten thousand more are needed.

QUANTUM.

FOREIGN NEWS.

New York, March 4.—The Cunard mail steamer Africa arrived to-day, with Liverpool dates to the 18th ult.

Lord Granville announced in the House of Lords that France will take no action in relation to the annexation of Savoy, without consulting the Great Powers of Europe, and obtaining the consent of the inhabitants of the territory most interested.

The attention of the people of England is concentrated on the budget, recently submitted by Mr. Gladstone. Meetings in relation to it are held in all directions, some of which are in favor, and others opposed to it. The Conservatives show increasing hostility to both the budget and the commercial treaty.

It is denied that Austria has as yet replied to the English proposition on the Italian question. It is reported that Russia rejects the propositions.

The land forces of the British army are fixed by the army estimates at 143,000, being an increase of nearly 6 500. This is an addition to the East Indian army, which numbers 92 000.

The new Whitworth gun has been tried with astounding success, surpassing in range and accuracy the Armstrong gun.

It is said that the French Government has entered into relations with Prussia as a member of the Zollverein, with the view of negotiating a commercial treaty similar to that with England.

M. Thouvenal's circular to the French diplomatic agents, in response to the late Encyclical letter of the Pope, is published, and has attracted attention. It apparently convicts the Pope of improperly using his spiritual office for political purposes.

A new Roman loan has been negotiated with Belgian capitalists. Nine hundred Bavarians enlisted for the Papal army had arrived at Ancona, and more were expected.

A large number of political prisoners from Venetia are being sent to Sclavonia and elsewhere.

A large quantity of arms had been seized by Austria while on the way to Servia, through her territory.

The first Chamber of Prussia has discussed the Government Matrimonial Law, and rejected the civil marriage in every form.

Liverpool, February 17.—Cotton is quiet and market steady. Some of the circulars quote a decline on inferior qualities of ¼d. Some disappointment is expressed at the magnitude of the shipments from the Southern ports, but it has no perceptible influence on prices. At sea there is 250,000 bales American, against 84,000 bales at the same time last year. The Manchester market closed strong, and with much confidence in the future stability of prices.

State of Trade.—The Manchester advices are favorable, the market for goods and yarns closing quiet and steady.

Breadstuffs are dull. Flour difficult to sell. Provisions firm. Rice dull. Rosin steady. Turpentine firm.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Time Changed.—The Republican National Committee has changed the time for the meeting of the Chicago Convention to the 16th of May next.

Pennsylvania.—The Democratic State Convention, after several unsuccessful ballotings, nominated Henry D. Foster, of Westmoreland, for Governor, by acclamation.

Messrs. Bigler, Dawson, Vaux and Keim were chosen Senatorial Delegates to Charleston, and the Delegates from each District given power to choose the District Delegates.

The third resolution declares that in the opinion of this Convention, Congress has no right or power to legislate on the subject of slavery in the territories.

The fourth declares that the question as to the right of citizens to hold slaves in the territories is a judicial question, and not legislative, and that its decision is committed exclusively to the courts.

The fifth declares that the whole power that belongs to Congress is to legislate and enact laws; the duty of the Executive is to execute them within the jurisdiction of the Constitution, but it belongs to the Judiciary to interpret them, and their decision is final and conclusive, and should be cheerfully acquiesced in. Any other course must lead to anarchy and confusion.

Sixth—That the doctrine of an irrepressible conflict between the North and the South is fraught with danger to the best interests and dearest rights of the people of the Confederacy.

Seventh—That the Union of the States is above and beyond all price, and that it is the duty of every patriot to frown indignantly upon the first dawning of any attempt to alienate one portion of the Union from the rest.

Eleventh—That we regard the domestic and foreign policy of President Buchanan as eminently patriotic, pure, conservative and just; and look upon the success that has crowned his labors as the best and proudest vindication of their propriety and wisdom.

The other resolutions endorse Gov. Packer's last Message, advocate protection for the iron, coal, wool and other great staples of the country, based on the necessities of a reasonable revenue system for the General Government, &c., &c.

Missouri.—The Opposition State Convention nominated Hon. Edward Bates for the Presidency.

Ohio.—The Republican State Convention resolved that Salmon P. Chase is the first choice of the party in Ohio for the Presidency.

Congress.—Ex-Governor Ford has been again declared elected Printer to the House by 2 majority.

Singular Recovery.—The New Bedford Standard relates the circumstances of the very sudden recovery of a young lady from a long and painful illness, the account of which was received from the lady herself. The subject of this strange story is Miss Louisa James, a young lady of 21 years, the daughter of widow Mary Mitchell, of Fairhaven. Miss James has been ill for the greater part of a year past, and for the last four months has been confined to her bed. The physicians pronounced her disease one of the heart and lungs, and though the best of medical aid was procured, she continued to fail rapidly, until at least it was announced that human skill could do nothing more for her. For the last two months she lost all control of her lower limbs, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she could be moved. She was reduced so low that her stomach refused the slightest nourishment. On Wednesday, the 8th ult., a female friend visited her, and in the course of a conversation remarked that the Rev. Joseph K. Bellows, of New York, of the Second Advent persuasion, to which the invalid belonged, was in town. Miss James desired to see him, and in the evening he called at her residence. She felt that should the reverend gentleman pray for her, she should recover, and after a short conversation she made such a request. The clergyman and the mother of the invalid knelt down, and a fervent and earnest prayer was offered up in her behalf. The mother says that before the minister prayed the body of her daughter was cold as marble, and at the close of the exhortation she perspired freely. Miss James describes her sensations during the prayer as similar to those of a person receiving a galvanic shock. That night she passed comfortably, and in the morning arose and dressed herself without assistance, and on the following Sabbath attended church. She is now enjoying the best of health and relishes the heartiest food.

No Beards.—Dr. Hayes states that he never saw but one Esquimaux with a beard—the exception to the general rule was an old man with hairs upon his upper lip and chin, which were silvered with age. The faces of all the others of the tribe were as innocent of hair as a woman's. The beards of Dr. Kane's party excited great curiosity and admiration among the native residents of the Arctic regions.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 206—Adults 97, and children 109.

THE PRETTY PURITAN.

"Of what persuasion is Miss G?"
Demanded once a grave polemic.
"She is so handsome that to me
She seems," said I, "an *Ecce-Angelic.*"

☞ A Common Ornament.—"Ah, Charley," said one little fellow to another, "we are going to have a cupola on our house." "Pooh! that's nothing," rejoined the other; "papa's going to get a *mortgage* on ours."

☞ About the only person not spoiled by being lionized, was a Jew named Daniel.

☞ We are often told to moderate our grief for the loss of those toward whom it would have been called cold-hearted even to have talked of moderating our love; and yet one is scarcely less difficult than the other.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

Mr. Boteler, of Va., in a recent speech, related the following interesting incident of the Revolutionary era:—

"When, sir, I have heard the name of a gentleman called here, day after day, first on the roll—a great historic name, (Mr. Adams)—I have been reminded of Massachusetts in her prouder day, in the heroic age of the Republic. I have been reminded of a historical incident connected with the county in which I live—that county selected by John Brown for his bloody raid, and feel that I have a right to appeal to the Massachusetts delegation here, if they are not deaf to the voice of consanguinity, and if they are, I appeal from them to their people on this question; I demand of *them* to come up to the rescue of the country now as they did in the good old times of their Revolutionary fathers.

"The district which I represent and the county where I live—that county made famous by the raid of Brown—was the first, the very first in all the South to send succor to Massachusetts in the time of her direst necessity! In one of the most beautiful spots in that beautiful county, within rifle shot of my residence, at the base of a hill, where a glorious spring leaps out into sunlight from beneath the gnarled roots of a thunder-riven oak, there assembled on the 10th of July, 1775, the very first band of Southern men who marched to the aid of Massachusetts. They met there then, and their rallying cry was, 'A bee-line for Boston.' That beautiful and peaceful valley—the 'Valley of the Shenandoah'—had never been polluted by the footsteps of a foe; for even the Indians themselves had, according to tradition, kept it free from the incursion of their enemies. It was the hunting range and neutral ground of the aborigines. The homes of those who lived there then were far beyond the reach of danger. But Boston was beleaguered! The hearths of your fathers were threatened with pollution, and the fathers of those whom I represent rallied to their protection.

"'They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
Their corn half-garnered on the plain,
And mustered in their simple dress,
For wrongs of *yours* to seek redress.'

"Thus they mustered around the spring I speak of, and from thence they made their 'bee-line for Boston.' Before they marched, they made a pledge that all who survived would assemble there fifty years after that day. It is my pride and pleasure to remember that I, though but a child then, was present at the spring when the fifty years rolled round. Three aged, feeble, tottering men—the survivors of that glorious band of one hundred and twenty—were all who were left to keep their tryst, and be faithful to the pledge made fifty years before to their companions, the bones of most whom had been left bleaching on your Northern hills.

"Sir, I have often heard from the last survivor of that band of patriots the incidents of their first meeting and their march; how they made some six hundred miles in thirty days—twenty miles a day—and how, as they neared their point of destination, Washington, who happened to be making a reconnoisance in the neighborhood, saw them approaching, and, recognizing the linsey-woolsey hunting-shirts of Old Virginia, galloped up to meet and greet them to the camp; how, when he saw their captain, his old companion in arms, Stephenson, who had stood by his side at the Great Meadows, on Braddock's fatal field, and in many an Indian campaign—who reported himself to his commander as '*from the right bank of the Potomac*'—he sprang from his horse and clasped his old friend and companion in arms with both hands. He spoke no word of welcome; but the eloquence of silence told what his tongue could not articulate. He moved along the ranks, shaking the hand of each, from man to man, and all the while, as my informer told me, the big tears were seen rolling down his cheeks.

"Ay, sir, Washington wept! And why did the glorious soul of Washington swell with emotion? Why did he weep? Sir, they were tears of joy! and he wept because he saw that the cause of Massachusetts was practically the cause of Virginia; because he saw that her citizens recognized the great principles involved in the contest. These Virginia volunteers had come spontaneously. They had come in response to the words of her Henry, that were leaping like live thunder through the land, telling the people of Virginia that they must fight, and fight for Massachusetts."

The above incident has been recently put into verse as follows, by Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney:—

AN INCIDENT OF 1775.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A gathering in Virginia's vales,
Mid summer's velvet green,
Where fair Potomac sparkling flows
Its fringed banks between;
For echoes from New England's hills
Of strife and danger came,
And Henry's eloquence had stirred
Men's souls like living flame.

Then from the throng, with patriot zeal,
Stood forth a noble band,
Twice sixty dauntless volunteers
Enlisted heart and hand;
Theirs was no prompting thirst of fame,
Of glittering gold no greed,
"*For Massachusetts!*" was the cry,
"*For Boston!*" in their need.

And each to each a sacred vow
Made mid the parting pain,
When fifty years away had sped
To seek that spot again;
Those that the shaft of Death might spare,
Beneath yon oak tree's shade,
Should meet beside the diamond spring—
Such solemn tryste they made.

Oh, there was sorrow 'neath the roof
Of many a household tent,
And burning tears fell thick and fast
When from their homes they went;
But to their little ones they said
And bade them well take heed,
"*Heaven will not smile on those who fail
To help their brothers' need!*"

Hundreds of miles, o'er rock and stone,
Through forests' thorny breast,
O'er bridgeless streams, o'er trackless wilds,
With patient toil they pressed,
While ever in their secret souls
Gleamed an unfaltering creed,
Like pole-star of their weary course,
"*To help our brothers' need!*"

The king of men, oppressed with care,
Rode forth at closing day,
And saw Virginia's armed host
Approach in firm array,
And knew the bearing of their chief,
Who, on the fatal plain,
Had fought with him by Braddock's side
When blood fell down like rain.

Then, leaping from his lofty steed,
He clasped him to his breast,
And, one by one, each soldier's hand
With greeting fervor pressed.
Why was the eye of Washington
Suffused with gushing tear?
Why heaved that hero's heart so high
That never throbbed with fear?

He read God's blessing in the love
Of that fraternal band;
He marked the triumph through the gloom
That wrapped an infant land;
Perchance, with his prophetic glance,
Who erst on Nebo stood,
Beheld a glorious realm unfold
Like rainbow o'er the flood.

Years rolled away, and lustrums fled,
And half a century closed
Its cycle, and, with swan-like dirge,
Mid ages past reposed;
But, true to their remembered tryste,
Potomac's veterans drew
Where, by the oak-tree's gnarled roots,
The spring fresh crystals threw.

They came—but not twice sixty men,
In martial vigor bold;
For some their bleaching bones had laid
On Northern hillocks cold.
They came. *Who came?* Three aged forms,
By time and changes bow'd;
Yet was no winter in their heart,
Though snows their temples shroud

For power and wealth and honor blest
The Country of their birth,
Who proudly reared her starry crest
Among the Queens of Earth;
And warmly rose their patriot prayer
That long her sacred Ark,
Immaculate, and angel-steer'd,
Might ride the billows dark.

INTERESTING CASE IN COURT.—Last Monday, John M. Roberts, a jeweller of Pittsburg, Pa., brought suit in the District Court of that city, against James Swisshelm, of Swissville, for a gold watch, seal and key, valued at $130 25, furnished by said Roberts, to Jane G. Swisshelm, wife of said James, &c. After a statement by plaintiff's counsel, examination of witnesses, &c., Mr. Brown, counsel for Mr. Swisshelm, referred to various authorities, and asked the Court to charge,

1st. That plaintiff cannot recover unless he prove the goods sold and delivered were necessaries, and that the defendant's wife had separated from him for good causes.

2d. That the contract of the wife can only bind the husband for *necessaries, in case he* neglects or refuses to furnish her with such necessaries.

3d. If the wife voluntarily deserted and abandoned the husband, and persists therein, without good cause, the defendant is not liable for debts for necessaries, or otherwise.

4th. The defendant is not liable for the debts of the wife for any purpose, unless his assent appears by express evidence or by proof of facts and circumstances from which it may be reasonably inferred.

The jury found for the defendant. The verdict goes to show that if a woman voluntarily separates from her husband, and leaves his house, he is not responsible for her debts, even though they be incurred for the common necessaries of life.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1s &	102	103
" " "	107	109
" " "	108	109
" 5 " coupon '74s	102¾	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	103	103½
" " new	104½	105
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	80	—
Allg'y City 6 pr ct	85	73
" County	—	—
R R issue	44	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	92½	93
Tenn 6 "	93¾	94
" 5 " coupon	77½	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	80½	—
Ohio " 1868	103½	103¾
N Carolina 6 pr ct	93½	94
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 6's 5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	158	—
Philadelphia	119	120
Far & Mec	86½	87
Commercial	49	50
N Liberty	—	61
Mechanics	26½	27
Southwark	69	—
N Township	35	35½
Kensington	64	65
Girard	46	—
Western	64	—
Man & Mec	26	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	41	—
Consolidation	25	—
Commonwealth	53½	57
Corn Exchange	70½	—
Germantown	—	58
Pittsburg, Pitt'g	58	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	100	—
Northern "	125	—
Louisville "	125	—
Farmers "	—	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	85½	87
Planters "	—	100
N O Gas Light	160	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	71
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	—	—
New Creek	—	—
New Granada	—	—
N America Ins'co	16	17
N Liberties Gas	—	30½
Southwark and Frankford R R	50	61
Bonds	85	87
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	—	101
2nd "	89	90
stock	38½	39
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
stock	124	126
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	80
mort 6's '44	—	93
" '86	70½	71½
stock	26½	26¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	88	90
stock	42	44
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan, '60	93½	—
Ches Val R R, '75	36½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	85
Wil'ms & Elmira 1st mort	—	76
2nd "	114	115
stock	1	11
Catawissa	5	7
Beaver Meadow stock	58	59
preferred 10 pr ct	88	—
North Penn'a RR stock	9	9½
6 pr ct loan	67½	68
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	51½	52
6 pr ct loan	99	102½
Minehill R R	57½	58
Har & Lan R R stock	92	50
bonds '83	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock		16
Long Island R R stock	112	114
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	90	—
Michigan Central	47	49½
Illinois "	57½	—
Mich and Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	—	71
imp. 6 pr ct	77½	78
stock	7	7½
preferred	16½	16¾
Lehigh Nav stock	51½	52
mort 6 pr ct	100	101
scrip	59	—
Morris Consol'd	51	52
preferred	109½	110
Cons & Del bonds	40	—
bonds	75	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	32
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	28	29

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2200 head. The rates were from 7 to 10½c ℔ lb, the latter only for a few lots of extra head. Sheep—8000 head arrived, and sold at from 5 to 5½c ℔ lb, equal to 10@11c dressed. Cows—75 head were at market, and selling at from $25 to $60.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 1461 head were at market, and sold at $7¼ to 8¼ ℔ 100 lbs net, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 3.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour has advanced 5c; 7000 bbls sold, State $5,20@5,25; Ohio $5,95@6,10; Southern $6,10@5,70. Wheat is also higher; 10,000 bus sold at 1c advance; Chicago Spring Wheat 121c. Corn firm. Provisions dull. Whiskey steady.

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The market for Flour is firm, but the demand has been only moderate, the high views of most holders checking business, sales reach some 7500 bbls, in lots, at $5,68¾@5,75 for superfine; $5@6,12½ for extras, and $6,25@6,75 for extra family, as in quality, the market closing firm but quiet at the above rates, and our lowest figures were generally refused for standard superfine, which is comparatively scarce, the receipts, however, show an increase over those of last week. The trade have been buying to a fair extent within the above range of price for superfine and extras, and $7@7,75 ℔ bbl for fancy lots, the latter for premium Flour. Rye Flour is steady, with a small business doing at $4,25. Corn Meal has slightly declined, and 500 bbls Penna sold at $3,50 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat continues light, and, with a moderate demand for milling, holders have put up their prices 3@4c ℔ bus this week; sales include about 12,000 bus in lots, at $1,37@1,40 for fair to prime reds, and $1,54@1,57 for white—the latter for choice Western, in store. Rye comes forward slowly, and Pennsylvania finds ready sale at 92c. Corn has been neglected and dull, and holders, in order to meet the views of buyers, have submitted to a further slight decline; the receipts are moderate, and about 22,000 bus yellow sold at 70@72c for damp, and 73@75c for prime dry lots, in store and afloat, including white at 72c. Oats are unchanged, and some 10,000 bus found buyers at 44c for Pennsylvania, 43c for Jersey, and 42½c for Delaware. Barley is selling moderately, within the range of 80@85c. Barley Malt meets with a fair demand, and further sales are reported at 95c.

PROVISIONS—The market for articles under this head has been quiet this week, with rather more disposition, at the close, on the part of some holders, to realize. Mess Pork has been selling partly at $18½@18¾, and partly on terms kept private. Prime is quoted at $13 for old and $15 for new. Of Beef, we note sales of 200 bbls Beef Hams at $17, and some Western Mess at $10 ℔ bbl. City do is taken as wanted for ship stores, at $13@15 ℔ bbl. Bacon moves slowly, in lots, part to go South, at 10½@10½c for Sides, and 8¾@8¾c for Shoulders. Hams are selling at 10½@13c, as to quality, all on the usual terms. Green meats have been taken to some extent, mostly in the form part of the week, at 9½@10½c for Hams, in salt and pickle; 9½c for Sides and 7½c for Shoulders in salt, chiefly on time. Of Lard the sales have been moderate at 11¼@11½c for Prime Western in bbls and tcs, and 12c in kegs, 600 kegs old Lard sold on terms kept private. Butter rules dull, solid packed selling at 10@11c, and roll at 14@16c, the latter for prime. Cheese is steady but quiet at 10¼@11¼c, as to lots. Eggs are selling at 16c @ doz.

COTTON—The market under increased receipts and stocks has ruled dull and unsettled, and prices are ¼@½ lower than last week, buyers come forward slowly and purchase only to supply their immediate wants; the week's sales are to the extent of about 1000 bales, chiefly Uplands at from 11½ to 12½c for middling to middling fair quality, cash and time, closing dull and prices in favor of the buyers.

BARK—There is a steady demand for Quercitron, and but little arriving, and 1st No 1, if here, would readily command $29 ℔ ton.

BEESWAX is firm, and further sales of Yellow at 36c ℔ lb.

COAL—There is some little doing to go East, but orders come in slowly. Schuylkill W Ash, Lump, ℔ ton, $3,35; Prepared do, $3,35; Red Ash do, $3,50; Lehigh, Lump, $3,50@3,60; Prepared do, $3,50@3,60; by retail, do, $4,25@4,50; Sch Prepared, do, $4@4,25.

COFFEE is wanted at full prices, but there is little or no stock in first hands, and but little doing. The sales comprise only some 1200 bags, including Rio at 11¼@12½c, and Laguayra at 13¼c, the latter to arrive, all on the usual credit.

COPPER—There is no change in the market for either Sheathing or Yellow Metal, and but little doing.

FEATHERS—The demand is limited and prices about the same; small sales of good Western at 46@48c ℔ lb.

FRUIT is dull, Dried Apples selling in a small way only, at 6@6¼c; Peaches, which are scarce, 8@12c for unpared and 14@18c for pared. Nothing doing in Cranberries or Green Apples, and the latter scarce.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ℔ lb $2@2,50; Rocky Mt., $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin, 15@20c; Nutria do, 30@45c; Raccoon do, 25@60c.

HEMP—The market remains inactive, the stock being all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES—The stock has been increased by the arrival of a cargo from Porto Cabello, but there is nothing doing, buyers not being disposed to operate in the present unsettled condition of the trade east, and quotations are nominally unchanged.

HOPS are steady and moving off slowly, at 13@18c ℔ lb for Eastern and Western, as in quality.

IRON—The market for Pig metal remains inactive, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers, and the only sales we hear of are 1000 tons Hudson, No 1, at $24, and 5000 tons Glendon gray forge at $22, on time, the latter delivered here; we quote at $23@24 for No 1, and $22@23 for 2, on time, some makers asking the latter rates, but the sales are limited. Scotch pig is also firm; we quote at $25 ℔ ton, on time. Plate and boiler plates are steady, but we have no sales to note. In bars and rails there is rather more doing, without changing in quotations. The best American rails are held at $50 and bars at $60 ℔ ton, cash.

LEAD is firmer, and there is no stock here to operate in; a small sale of Spanish was made on terms kept private, and 2000 pigs Galena, in another market to come here, at $5,87½ the 100 lbs.

LEATHER continues dull.

LUMBER—Trade has not opened yet, and we are only advised of sales of Susquehanna white pine boards at $14@15; some shipping boards at $14, and laths in lots at $2 ℔ M.

MOLASSES is arriving more freely, and the market is dull; sales include about 600 hhds Cuba at 26¼@27c for clayed, and 30@32c for Muscovado; some small lots of N Orleans are also reported at 46@48c, all on time.

PLASTER—An import of soft sold on terms we did not learn—said to be at an advance.

SEEDS—There is not much demand for Clover seed, but some 4000 bush have changed hands, at from $4¼ up to $5 for common to good and choice lots, mostly at $4¼@4¾, which is a further decline, including about 1000 bags from second hands, on terms kept private. Timothy is scarce, with further small receipts and sales at $3¼@3¾ ℔ bush, as in quality; there is very little offering. Domestic Flaxseed also continues scarce, and small sales at $1,60 ℔ bush. A sale of Canary Seed was made at a private bargain.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy or Gin, and the former is held with more firmness. N E Rum is selling at 36@38c. Whiskey has been dull this week, but without change to note, bbls selling at 23¼@24½c for Pennsylvania and Ohio; Drudge 22c, and bbds 22½c.

SUGAR is arriving more freely, and buyers are holding off; the sales include about 600 hhds New Orleans at 7@8¼c; 200 hdds Cuba at 7c, and 5000 bags Brazil at 7¼c, all on the usual credit, the market closing dull.

TALLOW is firmer, and sales of City Rendered are reported at 11c ℔ lb. There is not much offering.

TOBACCO is moving off as wanted at steady rates, with a moderate business only to note in leaf and manufactured.

WOOL—There is very little movement in the market, and no important changes to note; among the sales reported are some 40,000 lbs pulled at 35@40c for No 1, and merino, and 20,000 lbs Mestizo on terms kept private.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Friends' meeting house, Frankford, 15th of second month, WILLIAM CARPENTER, of Mallington, Salem county, N. J. to PRUDE C. WARREN, daughter of Robt. Warren, of Burlington, N. J.

In this city, by Ald. Wm. P. Hilbert, on the 28th of Feb. THOMAS MATHER, of Dadnor, Del. county, to HANNAH ASH, eldest daughter of Chas. Barr, of Newtown, Del. county, Pa.

In Detroit, Michigan, Friday, 24th ultimo, by the Right Rev. S. A. McCoskey, D. D., H. W. SMITH, of Monroe, Mich. to Miss LOUISE E. THOMPSON, of this city.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, LOUIS J. GILBERT, to Mrs. MARY J. GRIGG, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Henry M Stuart, Rector of All Saints' Church, JOHN TAYLOR, to CAROLINE W. BIDDLE, both of this city. California papers please copy.

On the 14th of Sept. 1859, by the Rev. Clarke Loudon, Mr. CHARLES BARTER, to Miss ISABELLA MCGAW, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. JOHN RADSTRAKE, in his 74th year.

On the 28th ultimo, JAMES WILLS, in his 62d year.

On Tuesday, the 28th ultimo, THOMAS L. HILDEBURN, in his 25th year.

On fourth-day, 29th ultimo, ANN, wife of the late Jos. Trotter, in her 73d year.

At Milton, Pa. on the morning of the 27th ultimo, after a lingering and painful illness, Mrs. SARAH MURRAY WILLIS, wife of the Rev. W. T. Wylie, of that place, and daughter of L. Johnson, Esq. of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, of paralysis, Mr. JAS. LESLIE, in his 68th year.

On the 25th ultimo, JANE G. RHOADS, daughter of Samuel and Anne Rhoads.

On the 25th ultimo, JAMES KIRKPATRICK, Sr. aged 68 years.

On the morning of the 27th ultimo, Mrs. JAMES B. JENKINS, daughter of the late Jacob Keck.

On the morning of the 25th ultimo, ALICE HARLAN, in her 82d year.

At Chester Springs, Chester county, on the morning of the 25th ultimo, JOHN TOSTIN, Esq. in his 71st year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 3, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.	SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks ¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.	ALABAMA.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 to 2½ dis
DELAWARE	Mississippi.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	All bks uncertain
MARYLAND.	LOUISIANA.
Baltimore par to ¼ dis	Solv bks ¾ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	OHIO.
NEW YORK.	Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
Sol bks par to ¼ dis	KENTUCKY.
MAINE	Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	INDIANA.
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	State bank 1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	ILLINOIS.
VERMONT.	Solv bks 3½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	MISSOURI
CONNECTICUT.	Solv bks 2 to 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	TENNESSEE.
MASSACHUSETTS.	Old bks 1½ to 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	MICHIGAN.
RHODE ISLAND.	Solv bks 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	WISCONSIN.
VIRGINIA.	Solv bks 3 dis
Solv bks ¼ to 1 dis	TEXAS.
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston — dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	CANADA.
NORTH CAROLINA.	Solv bks 1 dis
Solv bks ¼ to 1½ dis	
GEORGIA.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	

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"HOW'S MY AUNT?"

BY DYDNEY SOBELL.

[Sydney Dobell has written a poem, admired by some people, called "How's My Boy?" One verse will do for a sample:—

"How's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know
I'll say you are no sailor—
Blue jacket or no.
Brass buttons and no sailor,
Anchor and crown or no'
Sure his ship was the jolly Briton!"

Another writer has written a poem for the *Boston Post* called "How's My Aunt?" which we subjoin.]

"Ho! conductor of the train!
How's my aunt—my aunt?"
"What's your aunt's name, good sir?
And the date of the train I want."

"My aunt Jane—
Who came in the cars this morn—
She left in the early train.
What care I for the rest?
My aunt—my aunt is gone!

"What's the use of being conductor
If you don't know my aunt?
You might as well be a lobsterman,
Baiting your traps at Nahant.
Every fool on the early train
Ought to have known my aunt.

"How's my aunt—my aunt?
Who's responsible for her?
Tell me, conductor: speak!
Or I'll have you in jail to-morrow.
Badges or no, conductor,
Conductor, badges or no,
I'll have you in jail to-morrow."

"Speak low—my dear sir—speak low."
"Why should I speak low, conductor,
About mine own aunt Jane?
Conductor, retire!
I'll send for the crier
To screech it all over the train.
Why should I speak low, conductor?"
"There's been a 'smash-up' in the train!

"I'll show you just where we were wrecked.
By the bank there: just under the wall.
You may have the luck to detect,
'Mid the fragments, some bits of your aunt.
There's an old parasol, with the silk all torn off—
Two boxes of pills—and a mixture for cough—
One leg—half an ear—an old shawl,
It's just possible *these* are your aunt."

"How's my aunt—my aunt?
What care I for a smash in the train?
It is not the smash I want,
I'll have auntie! alive or dead,
Without any legs, or without any head.
You have her, that's plain,
I say, how's my aunt?"

"*Every one in the train was crushed!*
Minced! mangled! mushed!"
"How's my aunt—my aunt?
What care I for the rest, conductor!
I'm not their nephew!
Neither are any of them her nieces.
Lead on, conductor! show me the pieces!
How's my aunt—my aunt?"

MARRYING A FORTUNE.

No young man of thirty, well-educated, prepossessing, with already a fair literary and scientific reputation, ever had a brighter promise in life than my old college friend, Dan P———. But Dan was poor, and he had found out that brain-work was not over-profitable. He had worked hard in his profession for three years, and lived economically, yet he had not succeeded in getting that one thousand dollars ahead which Astor found it so difficult to acquire, and which he called the "nest-egg of fortune." Dan grew gloomy over his prospects and solitary in his habits, and altogether got in that condition of which Satan so well knows how to avail himself; and he tempted Dan with the suggestion, "What a fool to waste your life in drudgery! you, so young and dashing, and altogether so proper a fellow and likely withal to marry a fortune! Marry a fortune, Dan, and cut physic!" The suggestion took, and Dan waited impatiently for the season to open at Saratoga, and thither he went when it did open, with all his worldly wealth in his pocket-book, determined on matrimony. I need not say how he really got in love with one fair young girl *without* a fortune, nor how he managed, toward the cool days of September to secure an ugly old girl *with* a fortune. It is true, in marrying her he married her three sisters, each older and uglier than the other, and the widowed mother also, older and uglier than all; but then they owned a thousand niggers between them, somewhere down in Alabama, and had plantations to match. The wedding was grand, I can't say gay, and Dan was triumphant, but I can't say happy. And off he went to look after the niggers and the plantations. That was ten years ago. Last year I met him in Paris; he was no longer dashing Dan, but an old man, quite nervous and fidgety. I was glad to see him, nevertheless, and urged him to dine with me at Felipe's. But he excused himself on some frivolous pretext, which I wouldn't accept. Finally the truth came out: *he couldn't*. The wife, the three old maids, and the mother, were all in Paris; none of them spoke a word of French, and he was obliged to be with them constantly. They couldn't get their dinner without his aid. And he had been three years with them on the Continent; they had dragged him to Egypt and to Jerusalem, and Dan drew a profound sigh.

"But, Dan," I exclaimed, "after all, you are a lucky dog; it isn't every one who marries a fortune!"

"Marry a fortune!" he interrupted, bitterly; "do you know what it is to marry a fortune? Of course you don't! But I'll tell you what it amounts to: *head butler in-doors, and real estate agent out!* Marry a fortune? Marry the dogs!"

And Dan buttoned up his coat and strode off to his hotel, five women, and a fortune.

AMATEUR GYMNASTICS.

A young "Law Student," a misanthropic dyspeptic, who was induced to "try" gymnastics, sends to the Knickerbocker Magazine some of his "experiences" in that department of physical science.

"I didn't attempt anything for a good while. I sat and calmly surveyed the scene. I saw very little boys, who seemed to be qualifying themselves for the profession of India Rubber men. I saw great strapping men (new comers) attempt and fail in things which fellows whom they could put in their pockets did with ease. I saw feats performed which seemed very hard, and which turned out to be very easy; and feats which proved very simple to look at, and 'splitters' to try; and then took off my coat and 'went in.' I pulled up the small weights five or six times; I went along the horizontal ladder and the parallel bars once or twice. I went home and found two fine blisters on my hands next morning. Still I went there the next evening; exercised twice as much as I did before, felt convinced that I was getting along very fast; and lay awake almost all night, my arms ached so.

"I stayed away about a week, and then fell to work again manfully, became acquainted with a young gentleman who 'knew the ropes,' and, under his guidance, I performed many marvellous feats, and also met with more mishaps than I believe anybody ever met with before, in the same space of time.

"Being long and lean, and naturally awkward, everything I learned was ushered in with a disaster or two. But still I persevered, for I now 'slept like a top,' and ate at a rate very alarming to my boarding house. I persevered for two long months, and was still in the full 'tide of successful experiment,' when, on going to the gymnasium at my accustomed hour one evening, I found a brilliant assemblage of beauty, brought together by invitation of the managers, to witness our performances.

"I disported myself on the floor some time, until at length my evil genius impelled me to ascend, for the first time, a ladder which ran up one side of the room nearly to the ceiling; then across and down the other side of the room. Under the horizontal part of the ladder was temporarily placed a spring-board, of whose existence I was unaware. I wiggled up the ladder with convulsive jerks of the legs, the audience looking on in respectful silence but when I had reached the middle of the horizontal part, locomotion became impossible. I could neither go backward nor forward, but hung suspended between heaven and earth, like Mohammed's coffin. I squirmed about with my legs, but I could find no rest for the sole of my feet. I could hold on no longer; and as the distance wasn't very great, I determined to drop to the floor as gracefully as possible, and persuade the audience that it was done on purpose. So I let go, and *down* I came perpendicularly—and *up* I went flying. I had come down on my feet upon the spring-board.

"*My first impression was a chaos; my second was that I had dropped into the mouth of a cannon just as it was going off. Up* I went, like a shuttlecock, almost to the ladder, at which I made a desperate but ineffectual *'claw,' which threw me out of the perpendicular*, and *down* I came, bang, bang! in a sitting posture; *up* I went again, gathered my legs under me distractedly as I rose; so that, when I dropped again, I was shot in a slanting direction, head foremost, as from a catapult, into the waistcoat of a two hundred pound man, who was looking on in open-mouthed astonishment. Down he went with a 'squelch,' and over him I went, like lightning, into the dressing room! I rushed into my clothes, and out of the building, and have never entered a gymnasium since!"

ONE OF JOE'S COMPOSITORS.—Many anecdotes have lately been published of the celebrated and eccentric Mr. Potter, who, either from want of ability or will, was seldom known to pay his actors, and who, under all circumstances, preserved a calmness and indifference to duns which was highly amusing as well as astonishing. The following anecdote, though a stranger to the public generally, is an old acquaintance to actors.

One day a member of the company came in great distress to Mr. Potter, and said, (with tears in his eyes)—

"Mr. Potter, I have been with you three months and you have not paid me a cent. I am very poor and deeply in debt for my board. My landlord says if I do not pay him to-day, he will put me in jail."

"Well, my boy," answered Potter, coolly, "you know if he puts you in jail *you won't have to pay any board.*"

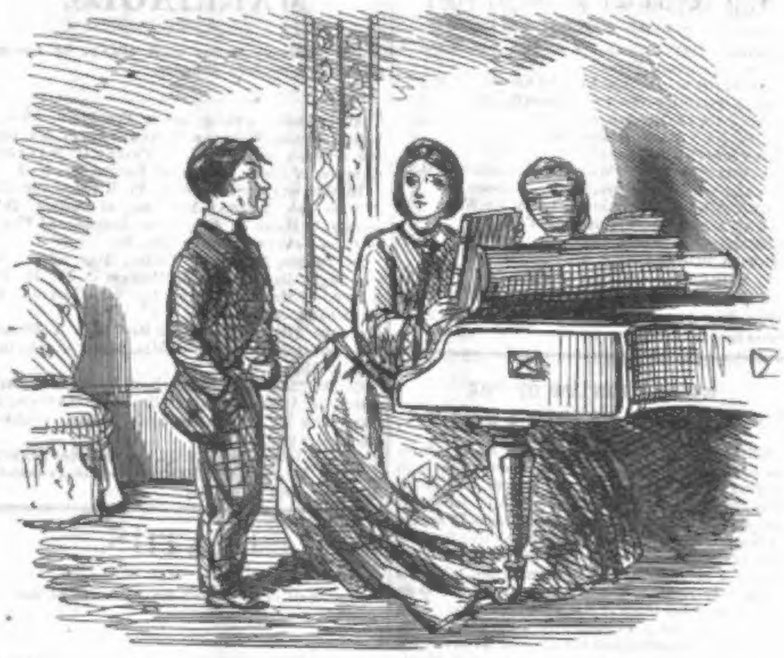
This must have been exceedingly consoling to the actor.

FAIR PLAY.—Ike Scarlet—a distant relative of our Ike—alluding to the fact in the Cincinnati Independent, that Macaulay was a great talker, relates an anecdote of Worden Pope and John Peck, two worthies, once well known in Kentucky, and notorious as great talkers. They were riding on horseback to Bradstone, from the city of Louisville, a distance of thirty-five or forty miles. The first half of the journey was accomplished, when the riders dismounted to dine, Peck having occupied the whole time in one incessant "talk," not permitting interruption, and his tongue clattering as glibly as a flutter mill. Having dined, their horses were brought out, and as the riders were about to mount, Peck commenced:—"Well, as I was observing—" "No you don't," interrupted Pope. "Blame it, Peck, you've had one half the way, the balance is mine." And true to his word, permitting no interruption, he continued to talk during the rest of their ride. It was jocularly said that Peck was sick for a week after.

☞ "How fortunate beyond all others is the man, who, in order to adjust himself to his fate, is not obliged to cast away his whole preceding life.—*Goethe.*

☞ Those who want friends to whom to open their griefs, are cannibals of their own hearts.—*Lord Bacon.*

☞ It is easy for a woman to be self-denying; it is hard for her to be just.—*Arthur Helps.*



GEORGINA.—"Well, Gus! and how did you like your party last night?"

GUS.—"Oh, jolly!—I got eleven ices, and no end of negus, and went down four times to supper!!"

Agricultural.

HORN AIL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the Post of the 11th February, I see that somebody wants a cure for "*Horn Ail.*" Having cured several cows who were at the last gasp with this disease, I follow the golden rule, and send this recipe to you, which, if you will give it a place in your columns, will certainly, if it is followed, cure that "milky mother." "Horn Ail," or "Hollow Horn," is caused by a slow, wasting fever, and the horns are, as it were, a *pulse*—which show by their inward wasting the presence of the fever. Cattle without horns are subject to it, as well as those who are possessed of those ornaments. The horns feeling cold, is not always an indication of its presence; boring with a gimlet is the surest way; it is very well to inject the horns with strong vinegar, but that is not all.

Symptoms—The animal looks rough, stares in its coat, falls off in flesh, and a yellow matter collects in the eyes; and the horns, on being bored, emit no blood.

Treatment—Bleed the animal in the neck vein—the same in which a horse is bled—first cut the skin with a knife, and then stick the vein with a lancet, taking from two to seven quarts, according to age, size and condition, then give from three-quarters to a pound and a half of Glauber or Epsom Salts. If the animal is not very badly off, this will cure it, but *if needed, the bleeding* and salts may both be repeated. The fever is more easily checked by one large bleeding than by two small ones. Potatoes and oats are the best food during the treatment. When the bowels are cleansed, you may give daily from a half ounce to an ounce of nitre on potatoes. *Pus* forms in the horns, let them be washed out every day.

Hoping that many may find this cure a cure indeed, I am, very respectfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

BREAKING STEERS.

It is very fine sport for the young and athletic to yoke up steers and teach them how to obey. If they are subjected to the yoke when quite young, they will not forget their treatment during life.

One good mode of yoking them is to drive them into a broad stable where they can be caught without difficulty.

Take care and have help enough at first to hold them when you have caught them. Put on a light yoke gently, and let them have time to learn that it will not hurt them. Let them stand in the yoke for hours, and eat hay—not attempting to drive them off as soon as they are fastened together. Handle them and let them eat awhile in the yoke.

In the afternoon drive them out into a large yard. A common cowyard will answer. Fix a rope or halter on to the horn of the nigh steer to prevent their running away. For they will make many attempts to do this till they are completely halter broken.

Drive the steers round and round the yard with the rope in your hand. Pretty soon they will find that if they break away from you they cannot go far. Stop them occasionally and say "Whoa" in the plainest language. Then speak to them to go on *before* you put the whip or stick on their backs.

You can call them by name and say "Come" when you wish them to move forward. It is not fair to strike first and speak afterward.—After driving the steers round the yard repeatedly, in the same track, they will learn where to go without your rope, and you can drive them round in the same track as long as you please.

Now have patience and continue this exercise till the steers have perfectly learned *the first lesson.* Never try to put them forward as fast as some school men do. Don't put them into Latin and Greek before they can read and spell. But when you tire, as you will do before the steers give out, put them back again into the stable, and take off the yoke in the gentlest manner. Then you may yoke them on the morrow and drive them round the yard again with less trouble than at first.

After this breaking you can place them forward of the old oxen and teach them to lead in the highway. You will need your rope on the horn at first. But soon they will learn to keep the road. A sled path is best for steers as it will keep them on the track. And in case of any turbulence on their part, snow is better for the teamster than frozen ground.

A birch stick, with numerous twigs, will do for a yoke of steers. It is better than a common whip, or a goad stick. But a whip handle, with a lash two feet long, will command the new recruits as well as a rod. This handle of the whip must not be large—and it must never be used, butt-end first, on the noses of cattle.

We often see wens on cattle's heads caused by beating with clubs, and club-handled whip-staves. There is not the least need of this harsh treatment when steers have been properly broken.

Let owners command their own tempers, and require their agents to do the same. Then there will be less trouble in the breaking of steers and oxen.

It is a hard task to teach foreigners how to drive steers, or old oxen either. But our young men—our Yankees, are the "boys" to break steers and teach them how to work. Our boys need not all go off to California before they are twenty-one years of age—for they owe something to parents for bringing them up. At twenty-one they can judge better how to buy a few thousand acres of land—or a mining mountain, than they can at sixteen.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

TAN BARK.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In answer to Mr. T. H. B., of Moundsville, respecting the virtues of Tan Bark as a manure, *I would answer, that well rotted* Tan Bark is the best dressing for Strawberry beds in the Spring, as it keeps the fruit clean and is free from seed. And for covering the ground from two to three inches around gooseberries there is nothing better, as it will prevent the fruit from mildew. I have tried it for more than ten years without ever having a berry mildew. Fresh tan is good for all the evergreens when put around them in the fall. We find some difficulty in obtaining it in our city though we have four large steam tanneries, (one of them the largest in Ohio,) as they consume a large amount for fuel. J. H., JR.

Muriette, Ohio.

HOW MUCH HAY FOR THE HORSE?

This is a question which we have seen proposed in some of the journals of the day. If put in a general manner, you might, with as much propriety, ask how much *horse* for the hay? The quantity of hay for the horse must depend on many contingencies—such as the size of the horse, the proportion of oats or other provender which he receives, his general health, &c., &c.

A Wisconsin man has sent a communication to the Wisconsin Farmer, on this subject. He says he has had experience in keeping horses, and tried careful experiments in regard to feeding them. He thinks that on an average *five* pounds at a time, and three feeds per day, with twelve quarts of oats per day, or their equivalent in shorts, is enough for a good sized horse. He considers "*a good sized horse*" one that will weigh 1,150 lbs. He recommends cut feed as being vastly preferable to any other mode of feeding horses. He also contends that horses so fed, have no *cough* or *heaves*, which he believes to be inseparable from feeding with clover or dusty hay, unless it be cut and well dampened.

Those who have tried the method, say that a feed of carrots, say a peck once per day, to horses, will be better than large allowances of oats, or, in other words, a few carrots will be better to take the place of part of the oats usually given. The reason assigned for this is the following:—Carrots contain an ingredient called *Pectic* acid, which acid is a great aid to the gastric juices in digesting the food of the horse. When this is supplied, as in the case of feeding with carrots, both the hay the horse eats and the provender is more easily and more thoroughly digested.

We all know that horses that labor hard, whether in slow or quick draft, must have more concentrated feed than hay, in order to keep up their strength and animation. Still it will not do to feed them wholly on concentrated feed. Their stomachs and digestive organs were made to receive and digest bulky food, like that of grass, hay, straw, and the like, and they cannot do without it. In order, therefore, to insure the best of health, they must have fibrous or bulky matter, to give that distension to their stomachs their nature requires, and this, as a matter of course, must depend upon the size of the horse, or on the size of the stomach and digestive organs. Hence a strictly definite answer to the question, how much hay for a horse? must be answered by each individual horse for himself.—*Maine Farmer.*

SALT FOR WALKS, &c.—Allow me to add my testimony to the efficiency of salt for cleansing the surface of gravel, whether on roads, walks, or anywhere else. At the suggestion of my employer we began using it here rather extensively, four or five years ago, and with the best possible results. Hand-weeding and the still more barbarous system of hoeing are not only tiresome and expensive, but very injurious, always leaving a rough and uncomfortable surface. The salt we use is generally waste from the bacon-curers, which contains a considerable amount of saltpetre. This is much more efficacious than the waste from the warehouses. We apply it any time. Whenever a few weeds appear on the walks a man strews it by hand from a wheelbarrow, taking care not to let it come in contact with the edging. On the roads a couple of handy men sow it with their shovels from a cart, afterwards running a light birch broom over it. But generally the hand will be found the best distributor; for if a machine is used all the surface will be served alike, which in our case would be great waste, for we only strew it where it is wanted, as weeds don't spring up now everywhere as they did formerly. Salt is not only useful for cleaning the surface, but also for consolidating the walks; it greatly improves their appearance and renders them far more comfortable for walking. It ought to lie for a few days before it dissolves. One fine day last summer we put a load on a portion of the carriage road; at night we had a thunderstorm, next day the salt was gone without doing any good whatever. Such a case will sometimes happen, but in a general way it may be used with great advantage and great economy.—*London Gardener's Chronicle.*

BLOODY MURRAIN.—I had a two-year old heifer taken with that disease about the close of last August. At first, I supposed the sickness to be hollow-horn, or dry-murrain—but soon saw proof unmistakable—large quantities of blood passing off with the urine. First gave a dose of saltpetre and epsom salts, dissolved in chamber ley—about a tablespoonful of saltpetre and two of salts. In about three hours gave a handful of salt mixed with sulphur; in three hours, a dose same as at first, after which I saw no signs of the disease.—Since that time, she has been very healthy, and has become exceedingly fat.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Useful Receipts.

REMEDY FOR THE IRREGULARITIES IN THE FLAME OF GAS JETS.—Place a piece of silk over the end of the pipe, and screw the burner over it. The silk will last a long time, can be easily replaced, and answers the same purpose as the regulating burners so much in use.

COLORING DRAB ON WOOLLEN.—For coloring drab on woollen, take a teacupful of tea, steeped in three quarts of boiling water till the strength is obtained, then pour off the water into an iron kettle, and boil your articles in it for a few minutes, air them, put in a small tablespoonful of copperas and boil them in it for a few minutes, then wash thoroughly in soapsuds before drying.—*Rural New Yorker.*

TO REMOVE IRON RUST FROM WHITE CLOTH.—Take oxalic acid, pulverize it, wet the cloth where the iron rust is, warm it by placing on a thin coating of acid with the handle of a spoon, or some like instrument. In a few minutes the iron rust will disappear, when immediately rinse in clear water. Care should be taken not to let the acid remain too long, and also have it thoroughly rinsed off.—*Rural New Yorker.*

WATERPROOF VARNISH FOR BOOTS.—In answer to your correspondent, I have great pleasure in recommending the following varnish. It is adapted for any kind of leather, will not crack nor adhere when folded, and will be found to answer exceedingly well:—Beeswax, 2oz.; black pitch, 1oz.; turpentine, 1oz.; linseed (or boiled, if possible) oil, 16oz.; aspharltum, 1oz. Melt, and add drop-black, 2oz.; powdered gum acacia, 1oz., first rubbed down with a little oil. Heat all these over a slow fire for a few minutes, strain through a hair sieve or coarse cloth, and set aside for use. It should be applied with a soft brush, and not too thickly, or it will have a streaky appearance. Two or more coats will of course produce a higher polish. The turpentine used should be the spirit of turpentine.—*London Field.*

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH."—This line of the "English Burial Service," so far from *Scriptural*, (as many think) is derived from a Latin Antiphone, said to have been composed by Notken, a monk of St. Gall, in A. D. 911, while watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinsbruck, in peril of their lives.—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ FOOD FOR CELESTIALS.—A Skye terrier.—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ It is a strange desire which men have, to seek power and lose liberty.—*Lord Bacon.*

☞ There are some good men, with such an invincible, though innocent, personal conceit, that even in the angelic state, one may fancy they would contrive to wear their rays slightly on one side.

☞ All bodies, the firmament, the stars, the earth, kingdoms, are not the equal to the most insignificant spirit; for such a spirit knows all these, and itself; but the body nothing.—*Pascal.*

☞ A man who was pitched into a gutter where garbage is thrown, describes himself as being in an "offal" condition.

☞ A man who assisted to empty several bottles of wine, afterwards took a walk. The pavements were quite icy, and he exclaimed: "V—ve—ry sing—lar; wh—whenever water freezes, it alw's freezes with the sl—slippery side up."

☞ It is a sad commentary upon the course of instruction pursued in young ladies' schools, that the graduates seldom know how to *decline* an offer of marriage.

☞ Politeness is the religion of the heart, as piety is that of the soul. It is good nature in action. It renders whoever may be its object contented and happy under its softening influence. It consists in acts which show their source—the heart.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 5, 12, 3, is a French coin.
My 8, 1, 7, 13, 11, is to make smooth.
My 13, 3, 1, 10, means of no force.
My 8, 10, 3, 5, is an expression for a mathematical sign.
My 5, 2, 6, is what every male person in the world is.
My 13, 12, 5, 11, is a part of the face.
My 5, 4, 3, 11, is a mathematical term.
My 13, 4, 10, 11, is a river in Africa.
My 10, 9, 12, 5, 11, means to release.

My whole is the name of one who has proved himself to be as skillful in war as he is in diplomacy.

Vicksburg. C. B. TURPIN.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 2, 5, 13, 20, 25, 10, 26, 17, was one of the Presidents of the United States.
My 7, 3, 5, 14, is a kind of fruit.
My 22, 15, 13, is a useful member.
My 11, 18, 6, 8, is good in its place.
My 18, 4, 19, 1, is to close.
My 24, 21, 3, 8, is used for fuel.
My 23, 26, 9, 27, is an article of food.

My whole has caused considerable excitement in the United States.

Maumee City, O. SEDATE PLANT.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

At early morn my first arose,
Always an early one is he,
His power is felt through all the earth,
Both on the land and over sea.

In summer, when the sky is clear,
And fields their richest verdure wear,
The cattle 'neath the old oak tree,
My second are enjoying there.

My whole is used by ladies fair,
While my first pursues his way,
They form my second by my whole,
But use it only through the day.

Philadelphia. G. K.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A word of five letters, when joined to a crown,
Rewarded the soldier first entering a town
In Rome's palmy days; if backward 'tis read,
It rouses that soldier in terror from bed.

My first in music is well known,
My second is to earth a ban,
My whole, when heard at midnight lone,
With terror strikes the heart of man.

LONGFORD.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a place of resort for the great;
Upon water my second is found;
My whole is a term on which lovers agree,
Ere Hymen their wishes has crowned.

ALTIN

TRANSPOSITIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1.—Artecose was a noted philosopher.
2.—Runejoy is what some people often do.
3.—Cronseif is a city in Europe.
4.—Helptean is an animal.
5.—Rosopent is a man always at his post.
6.—Maryiment is one of the United States.
7.—Topernt is a town in Maine.
8.—Pestecole is an optical instrument.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A person made three circular grain bins out of inch stuff, and placed them on a level floor tangent to each other, (that is, they all touched each other externally). The bins were five feet high, and their diameters had the following ratio to each other. The first is to the second as two is to three, and the second is to the third as five is to seven. The bins being filled with grain, the space bounded by the bins was also filled, and found to contain fifty bushels. Required the diameter and contents of each bin? HENRY F. BEAN.

Spring Arbor, Jackson Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The diameter of the moon being taken at 2,000 miles, how many square miles *more than one-half* of its surface are *invisible* to a person on the earth 240,000 miles distant? And at what distance from the moon would the *full-half* of it be visible?

Northfork, Mason Co., Ky. M. DURANT.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ By what light should a vessel be piloted at night? Ans.—By a steering (stearine) candle, to be sure.

☞ Why is a fool in high station like a man in a balloon? Ans.—Because every body appears little to him, and he appears little to every body.

☞ Which is the funniest, you or I? Ans.—I, to be sure, because I'm the querist.

☞ What figure is that which if cut in two, becomes nought? Ans.—The human figure.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Juno, daughter of Saturn and Ops, sister and wife of Jupiter, great queen of heaven, and goddess of marriages and births. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Continental. CHARADE—Foghank. CHARADE—Canterbury. ANAGRAMS—Talbot, Marshall, Duplin, Gasson, Stanley, Sampson, Tatnall, Cowsta, Stewart, Marathon. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—The drove consisted of 8 horses and 14 oxen. He paid $50 a head for the horses and $20 a head for the oxen. He sold the horses for $60 a head, and the oxen for $30 a head. PROBLEM—86 and 81 sides of triangle 15, 14, 13.

☞ Answer to the MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM of Artemas Martin, of Venango Co., Pa., published in THE POST of Jan. 28, 25.51156 gallons of water contained in the cask at the termination of the 2d year. ABIJAH M. LEON.

Columbiana Co., Ohio.